

My dear Rosa

Pray accept with my
kind love the book I send. It is
written & published by myself
for the benefit of my S. School.

Arthur will bring it, you scarcely
remember him, but your mamma
will, to whom give my kind love.

In haste dear I remain
affect. Yr. ones

Aunt Fanny

SKETCHES

FROM LIFE,

BEING

TALES ON THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

AND VARIOUS TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE;

INTENDED FOR THE

USE OF THE ELDER CLASSES IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY A LADY.

Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.
Virgil.

Most afflicting scenes
Which I myself beheld, and in which
I bore so large a share.

LONDON, C. W.:

JOHN CAMERON, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, DUNDAS STREET.

1866.

SMITHSONIAN

FROM THE

LIBRARY

TALES ON THE TWO CONTINENTS

AND VARIOUS TESTS OF SCIENCE

EDITED FOR THE

USE OF THE ELDER CLASSES IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

BY A LADY

Quoted from information of the
the person who made the
copy

These are the scenes
which I myself have seen, and in which
I have taken a share

LONDON, C. W. & J. G. SMITHSON, 10, NEW STREET, 1836

1836

To my Beloved Friend

S. H. Bennett.

It is pleasing to have the opportunity of showing my esteem and affection by dedicating this present work to you.

F. C. T.

To my beloved friend

W. H. Bennett.

It is pleasing to have the opportunity of showing
my esteem and affection by dedicating this present
work to you.

W. C. T.

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PREFACE.

The following tales were originally intended for the benefit of mine own class in the Sabbath School—and for whom they were expressly written—but having received great encouragement from many Christian friends, I humbly submit them to the public.

As example is generally more forcible than precept, I have composed these tales from scenes in mine own life, in every one of which I have been an actor or eye witness.

regarding I can only trust that they may answer the end for which they were written, viz: to impress on the minds of the young. the danger incurred by lightly reading God's holy laws, and humbly do I pray that He will bless the consideration of them to my dear scholars, that they may be led by the Holy Spirit to shun the errors they are intended to point out, and so restrain all their evil passions, that they will fear to break one of the least of these commandments, lest they come under the condemnation of our Saviour's declaration, "That they have broken all."

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TO MY PUPILS:

It is with sincere regret, my dear pupils, that I find how listless is your way of repeating, Sunday after Sunday, the lessons appointed for your instruction. You have from your earliest infancy been accustomed to rehearse the Ten Commandments, without once, I dare say, considering their application to yourselves. You have doubtlessly thought, as many young people do, that it was not likely you would set up a graven image to worship, or swear, steal, murder, or covet your neighbor's goods. But you have forgotten that God seeth not as man seeth, and that all these things may be done in intent, though not actually by deed. You must remember that a deed is but the consummation of the thought, and that the sin is more in the evil thoughts which led to the commission of the deed, than the deed itself. Few commit theft, murder, or adultery on the spur of the minute; although there may be exceptions, generally speaking, these crimes have been premeditated, and dwelt upon, till the heart has become hardened to the consequences likely to accrue, and with a full knowledge of the awful sin nourished so long, it has found vent in the deed. Now I am so anxious to impress this on your minds, and show you how liable all are to break God's holy commandments, that I propose, by a short tale on each, drawn from scenes I have myself witnessed, to

prove the truth of what I assert. This mode may be the means of awakening your attention, and I trust with God's blessing, it may lead you all to consider more earnestly the sin increased by lightly regarding these commandments. We will commence with the second—"Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image." The first is so fully understood by you all, that I feel there is no necessity for illustrating it. You know that there is but one God—you also read in your Bible the judgments which those nations brought on themselves, who, forsaking the worship of the true God, bowed down to wood and stone. You who possess the inestimable privilege of living in a christian land, where you can without fear and trembling worship the great and living God; who on each succeeding Sabbath are invited to come into the courts of his house, could hardly fall into the error of worshipping any other God. But the second commandment, which forbids us to make to ourselves any earthly idol, partakes so much of the precept contained in the first, that I will now endeavor to show you the danger of setting our affections so firmly on an earthly object, thus forgetting God and provoking him to punish us by depriving us of our cherished idol. We are told in this commandment that God is a jealous God and will visit our sins even to the fourth generation—what an awful warning to every parent! Who could look upon their innocent children and not tremble at the contemplation of being the instruments of bringing, by their willful sin, such a curse as this on them? And yet how many cases of drunkenness, disease and insanity do we meet with in our daily walks through life, as transmitted by parents to children, to be by them yet further handed down to future generations. It calls indeed for

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your serious consideration, my dear girls. and I will now endeavour to show you, in the case of a dear young friend of mine own, the sin of leaning too much on an arm of flesh, thus giving to the creature what alone is due to the Creator. As I wish to make these tales interesting as well as instructive, I will, as far as time permits, describe the incidents which took place, ere this young person was led by God's grace to acknowledge the justice of her punishment.

About a mile from the beautiful village of Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, England, there resided a gentleman with whose family we had been intimate acquaintances for years. Possessed of an almost princely fortune, he spent his time chiefly on his own estate, consoling his tenantry in trouble and rejoicing with them in prosperity. He was, indeed, one of nature's noblemen, and well do I remember the evening on which he brought home his young bride. Never had the bells of Rodmosko Church rung out a more joyous peal, than the one which welcomed with their sweet chimes, the lord of the manor to the princely home of his forefathers. All the villagers in holiday attire had assembled at the park gates, their children bearing baskets of flowers, with which to strew the path of their beloved landlord. Every garden had been stripped of its richest blossoms to do honor to this occasion, and much happiness might have been augured for the young bride's future, from the bed of roses over which she passed into her husband's home. I, with two of my sisters, had been staying a week with his sister, preparing everything for the reception of the bridal pair, and we now stood upon the terrace before the house, awaiting their arrival. The scene was almost oppressive with the intensity of beauty—what pencil could depict

it? or, who could gaze on it unmoved? The sun was just sinking in the glorious west, tinging all around with the golden hues of its departing splendour; the noble trees rich in their summer verdure, the thriving orchards, the velvet turf studded with flowers of every hue, sloping down to the silver lake, was the scene which greeted the eyes of the fair bride as she passed through the park gates. Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the delicate beauty of the future mistress, and loud and joyous were the shouts of welcome which fell upon her ears, as she was lifted from the carriage and borne into the house to meet a double welcome there—

Oh! how wise is that decree,
Which hides from us futurity!

Could that young and happy creature then and there have lifted the veil, how would that fair scene have faded into darkness and despair! It would be impossible for me to dwell on all the happiness enjoyed by the wedded pair. Hand in hand they administered to all the wants of the needy. Grace's winning beauty and gentle manners won the hearts of all. She was so kind, so sympathizing with all the petty trials, which, either in reality or fancy, assail those who walk in the humbler paths of life. Grace idolized her husband, who with unsparing liberality lavished every happiness upon her, but, alas, she leaned on him and him alone, well nigh forgetting the God from whom all this goodness was derived. She was content to rest alone on his strength and love.

“And only as he looked on high,
Would raise her thoughts above.”

She remembered not that God is a jealous God, and has commanded us to set up no earthly idol, and terrible

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indeed was the lesson which taught her this truth; for within a year after the birth of a son, her idolized husband was stricken with brain fever, in consequence of a fall from his horse, and was hovering on the borders of the grave, when an urgent summons from Grace brought me once more to her side. Terrible was the scene, poor Grace's wild, almost insane agony, was frightful to witness, as she dragged me to the bedside of her beloved husband. I saw by the physician's face that all hope was over; how vain was all the wealth so lavishly expended, to call back the spirit held in such iron bonds! The invalid lay wasted to a shadow, burning with a consuming fever, which denied rest to his wearied frame. How melancholy the whispered voice, hushed step and stifled sounds, which heralded the deep quietness of death. To see the traces of such deep suffering on the noble brow, the glassy eye which gave back no answering look of love to that cherished one, who had so tirelessly watched his sick bed. Poor Grace, it was sad to hear her words of wild entreaty to God for his life, for I felt how sinful was such a prayer, there was no meek submission to his will, as she poured out the anguish of her spirit, making, as it were, terms with God. "His life—she asked no more." All God's bounteous gifts she would resign, gladly and willingly, for that one boon—"his life." She could not, would not believe that God would call upon her to resign the sunshine of her existence. Oh! she would bear any chastening but this one—death. Such was the rebellious prayer which issued from poor Grace's pale lips, and I trembled as I listened, for could such be heard? Will God be dictated to? Alas! for poor Grace, her prayer was answered indeed; the boon so madly craved was granted; the life

so wildly prayed for was spared: but with returning health, reason's light was quenched forever.

What words would be adequate to express the bitter anguish of the stricken wife as the fatal truth came with its stunning force upon her shattered nerves? But God's ways are not our ways, mysterious are his dealings with the children of men. In his own good time this dreadful trial was sanctioned to my young friend. In the intensity of her happiness she had well nigh forgotten her God. In the bitterness of her anguish she found him. Her spirit humbled beneath the chastening rod, melted into penitence. She saw the idol she had bowed down to, bereft of reason's power, and now felt her real need of that high source of comfort which could alone pour balm into her wounded spirit. With the deepest humility she acknowledged the justice of her punishment; as on bended knee she confessed that God had bowed her rebel spirit down to his unerring will. She felt how merciful death had been to this; but God had answered her wild, rebellious prayer, by bidding her idol live, bereft of all those noble attributes which had caused her so long to forget the source from which all her blessings came.

The life of the poor, harmless maniac was prolonged for years after his gentle wife had entered into her rest. This did not happen until she was enabled to make her son comprehend the sin of which she had been guilty, and warning him by her example to shun the danger of making unto himself an idol to worship, thus causing a transgression of the Second Commandment, which forbids us to bow down before an earthly God.

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THIRD COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for God will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."

MY DEAR GIRLS: This commandment is perhaps more frequently broken than any other, it is most grievous to hear young people so often call upon the sacred name of God, either to attest the truth of what they assert, or because they have so long indulged in this mode of speaking that it has become a fixed habit with them. But do you think that God will hold you guiltless? Surely all who use his sacred name forget that for such a breach of his commandment he will certainly bring them to judgment. I will now endeavor to make this truth apparent to you by relating an event which happened in mine own home, and which caused me much mental suffering.

When I was between twelve and thirteen years of age I was very much attached to a young boy, who, having lost his mother, used almost always to spend his vacations at our house. His father was a great friend of mine and consequently Harry, for so this young boy was called, was always a welcome guest. My sisters and I were each allowed a small plot of garden ground to cultivate according to our different tastes, and as Harry, like myself, was passionately fond of flowers, we were always together, either digging, watering or planting. I think I see him now, with his handsome face, his large dark eyes beaming with intelligence, and his dark hair clustering in thick curls around his small, well-shaped head. No one could feel dull in his presence; his merry, joyous laugh was ever breaking forth, and he was so obliging and willing to assist, that it was impossible not to love him. But Harry had one

serious fault, and that was breaking the third commandment. The sacred name of God was but too frequently introduced into his conversation: "It is true by God," or, "God knows it," or, "I will do so by God," being the expressions he made free use of. Now, I had a dreadful fear of taking God's name in vain, because my governess had impressed on my mind the awful punishment in store for those who did so. My ideas of God in those days were very obscure, I looked upon him rather as an angry Judge, than a kind and compassionate father. There certainly was not in those days such pains taken with young children to teach them the love of God, as is taken with you all now. The system was altogether different, severe punishments were inflicted for wrong doing, without the real evil being pointed out; children were so much more under the control of governesses than their parents, and I am inclined to think that the system of frightening children into obedience was too often resorted to, for my governess used to make me shudder as she threatened Harry with all the horrors of hell, without a word of that compassionate Saviour who died for sinners, and whose blood, shed upon the cross, could cleanse them from all iniquity. No, we heard of God's fearful judgments, but nothing of his tender mercies; so the evil grew with Harry's growth and strengthened as all evil habits will, with his strength. How often have I sat under the shade of our beautiful trees talking to Harry of his sinful habit. I could only tell him, as I had been told myself. I had my own childish ideas on the subject, but knew not how to explain them. Harry used to try and laugh away my dreadful fears; I was so fond of him, he seemed to me the very essence of all that was kind and good, but still I could not divest myself of the dread feeling, that God would not hold a boy of fifteen guiltless, who was constantly taking his name in vain.

Poor, dear Harry! well do I remember the last time that I ever spoke to him upon the subject. It was upon a bright morning in July, and he had been assisting me for hours training carnations and roses, filling the vases in the drawing room and watering all the house plants; we talked incessantly, for I felt very sad, as he was to return to school on the morrow, and as every breach of the third commandment issued from his lips, did I implore him to desist; which he did for a while, and then

breaking forth again would declare "that he really could not help it, it came so natural." In the afternoon, Harry and my brother went out for a ride, which was their usual custom, and I, fatigued with the heat and work in my garden, retired into a shady arbor to rest and prepare my lessons for the next day. I remained there two hours, and was just thinking of going in when my sister Ellen rushed into the arbor, with a face as pale as death, and unable to articulate a single word, and it was some minutes ere I could gather from her lips the mournful tidings that Harry had been thrown from his horse and was brought home insensible. Without stopping to hear another word I flew rather than ran through the garden, into the breakfast room, the windows of which opened into the lawn, and there a scene met my sight which I shall never forget. Harry was lying on the sofa, my dear mother was vainly trying to staunch the blood which gushed in streams from his mouth; his eyes were staring wildly open, but no sign of life was there. The doctor arrived in a few minutes, my heart seemed as if it stood still, till I should hear the dreadful fiat. "Dead," I exclaimed, and before he could echo my words, I had found relief from my agony and horror in insensibility. *on to*

It was not until the next day, that I learned from my brother the particulars of this sad event. It appeared that Harry—dear, willful, courageous Harry, had insisted upon leaping his horse over a ditch, against my brother's advice, who knew that the horse was not trained for leaping; as my father never allowed young visitors to ride any but the gentlest horses, and the strictest orders were given to the groom to that effect. The horse at first refused to stir, but with a stroke from Harry's whip, and the usual expression, "By God I will make you," trembling on his lips, the horse was urged forward. Not being able to clear the ditch, of which my brother had warned him, Harry was thrown forward, his head coming in contact with the stump of a felled tree which lay half across the ditch. Words would be inadequate to express my horror at this recital, aggravated as it was by the bitter knowledge that he had died with God's name on his lips, not with a cry for his mercy, but with his usual profane manner of taking that holy name in vain.

I could not describe to you the agony I endured, the nights of anguish I spent; how I hung over his coffin and prayed that God might have mercy upon him. He looked so beautiful as he lay shrowded for his grave, there was no sign of the violent way in which he had met his death, he had died in the full enjoyment of his robust health, and decay had had no time to wither his young, fresh beauty. At last the morning came which was to remove him forever from our eyes. The solemn tolling of the muffled bell, the white plumes of the hearse, the young gentlemen with their white hat-bands, scarfs and gloves, who were to be poor Harry's pall-bearers, are distinctly before my eyes, although a period of thirty years has elapsed since it took place. I had gathered all my white roses and placed them on his breast just as they closed his coffin. I could not shed a tear as it was borne from the room, my brain seemed seared with a red hot iron, his dying words rung in my ears; oh! what would I not have given to have recalled him! I could find comfort no where; all was the darkness of despair. Oh! my dear girls, will you not let this true tale be a warning to you? I never hear God's holy name taken in vain that this scene does not occur to me in all its harrowing bitterness. For years I never repeated the third commandment without a shudder, and I can hardly express to you the feeling which oppresses me when I hear so many of the young boys of this city constantly making use of the sacred name of God in their games. Let me, then, in conclusion, my dear pupils, exhort you most affectionately to ponder seriously over this tale, and whenever you feel tempted to err, which God in his infinite mercy keep you from, oh! remember the sad fate of poor Harry, and God's express declaration that "He will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain."

FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

"Remember the Sabbath Day to Keep it Holy."

The Sabbath Day, my dear girls, as you all know, has been from the creation of the world set apart as a day of rest from labor. It was on this day that God rested from his work of creating the heavens and the earth, and commanded it to be kept holy unto himself. You learn in this commandment that God rested on it, blessed it, and hallowed it. The word sabbath signifies rest, and is the general term by which Sunday is signified. You have read how very strict the Jews were in the observance of this day, and should we be less so? more especially as it is celebrated by Christians as the one on which our blessed Saviour rose from the dead.

In it we are forbidden to do any manner of work, but oh! how few there are who keep this commandment. How often is it a day of weary toil to the noble horse, who is obliged to give his strength to those who seek the pleasures of sin on the Lord's Day. Rest is commanded for the cattle as well as for man, but from earliest dawn frequently till midnight, do we see the streets filled with vehicles of all sorts, bearing the Sabbath breakers to pleasure parties, ending, alas! too often, in the saloon, without a thought having crossed their minds all day that they have been breaking one of the commandments. A great many people think, that as long as they do not dance, play cards, or frequent places of public amusement, they have done nothing to break God's express command to keep the day holy unto himself, but it needs not these things to render any of us guilty, and I will endeavor by a short tale to prove to you, that the Sabbath Day can be desecrated although not one of these individual sins are committed:

A widow lady, who has been dead for a great many years, had two daughters, twins, whom she loved most devotedly. Being the only surviving children of a large family, she unfortunately indulged them to excess; she could not endure to thwart their wishes, consequently the necessity of self control formed no part of their education. As they grew up selfish gratification was their only aim. Emily and Marion Villiers loved their mother I dare say, but they never dreamed of giving up their will to hers, and as they advanced to womanhood and were introduced into society, which their beauty and rare talents were well calculated to adorn, this vice became too palpably visible to be overlooked. Haughty to their superiors, insolent to their inferiors, they never made a friend. As Mrs. Villiers' foolish indulgence had fostered all the evil of their nature, it was not to be expected that they would yield to her remonstrances as to the way they spent their Sabbath; if they attended church the service was generally half over ere they pronounced themselves dressed to their satisfaction, and when there their conduct was light and frivolous in the extreme. Reverence for the House of God being such an inherent principle in myself, I remember how awe-struck I used to feel to see these two girls, frittering away the sacred minutes in whispering or gazing around on the congregation. I often used to wonder whether the thought, that God's eye was upon them, ever crossed their minds, but no one but their old nurse, privileged by her long years of servitude, ever dared to presume to take them to task for the heartless manner in which they usually spent this holy day. The time of which I write, we were not as you are, my dear girls, blessed in our clergyman, he took very little pains to instruct the young members of his flock. There were no Sabbath Schools in our town, consequently it was the more needed that religious instruction should be imparted at home. This gentleman was a very shy man, and never visited and made himself known amongst his parishoners. But his sermons were beautiful, I never heard any one preach like him, when warmed with his subject he would carry his hearers thoughts from earth to heaven; it was impossible to hear him unmoved, or listen to the chaste and elegant language in which he clothed his subject, without feeling

ennobled by it. But there his fascination ended, out of his pulpit he was shy and uninteresting, evidently shrinking from notice, and apparently living in an ideal world of his own creation. Had he been a different man, like the one who now fills his place (for he has long been numbered with the dead), the young members of his flock might have been better Christians. Still this was no excuse for the Misses Villiars, who could not be ignorant of the exceeding sinfulness of their conduct in the House of God, although never seriously reproved by him, who certainly should not have overlooked such an open violation of the Sabbath.

In the course of time these two young girls were married, and they entered upon their new duties with the same indifference to the sacredness of the marriage tie as characterized all their other actions. I recollect how disgusted I felt, young as I was, with the heartless manner in which they parted from their mother. Poor woman, surely in that hour she must have felt the full sting of the injurious system of self indulgence which she had pursued with them. Her ambition was certainly gratified as far as mere worldly prosperity was considered, but the moral and religious principles of the chosen protectors of her daughters were never thought of; the sacred duties of the marriage tie were never discussed, so Emily and Marion Villiars left the home of their childhood without one sigh for duties unfulfilled; or a thought for the new ones to be fulfilled. I cannot describe to you how grieved I felt for Mrs. Villiars that day. I was a very young girl at the time, but I could not enjoy the festivities of that festive scene like my companions. My heart was so sad in the midst of the splendour, thinking of the bereaved mother sitting in silence and tears upstairs, the only sad one amongst that joyous throng. I felt that nothing could excuse the heartless ingratitude of the two brides, and although I knew how faulty had been the system of their bringing up, yet still, surely Mrs. Villiars deserved some show of affection from the objects of her mistaken kindness. The wedding party was chiefly composed of young people, the sisters being married at the same time, had, with their usual selfishness, insisted on the exclusion of all elderly people.

After their departure we were to spend the time until dinner

wandering about the beautiful grounds, and in the evening we were to have a dance by moonlight on the velvet lawn, which had been freshly mown for the occasion. After my companions had all separated into different groups, each one on her own pleasure bent, I hastened up stairs, and taking advantage of always having been a great favorite with Mrs. Villiars, used all my powers of persuasion to be allowed to drive her around the park in her pretty pony phaeton. The law of kindness had been so duly impressed upon our minds by our beloved mother, that any selfish means of enjoyment could never yield us one iota of pleasure, and I feel sure that I was far happier that afternoon, driving Mrs. Villiars, than I should have been sharing the sports of my young companions, whose merry shouts of laughter we could distinctly hear, as we drove along the margin of the lovely lake which skirted one side of the park. Mrs. Villiars seemed very gratified at my evident desire to please her and endeavored to appear comforted, even if she were not, and the remainder of the day was spent in promoting the pleasures of her young guests. When our carriage arrived at night to convey us home, Mrs. Villiars entreated my dear mother so earnestly to allow me to remain that she consented, and I thus became an eye-witness of the scene which was the means of bringing poor Mrs. Villiars to her grave. How happily those summer weeks passed, freed from the severities of scholastic duties and the harsh reproaches of my governess, the days flew like minutes. Always an enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of nature, I almost lived out doors in the contemplation of all that was rich and rare in this lovely place. Mrs. Villiars was so kind and indulgent, the young people invited to visit me so merry, that I always remember that summer as one of the brightest ones of my existence. Alas! that its brightness should so soon have been clouded by evil passions.

About eight weeks after the wedding Mrs. Villiars received a letter, stating, that as the two brides were returning from their tour on the continent, they intended stopping a week or two with their mother previous to their settling in their new abodes, and requested that the carriage might be sent to the station the following Tuesday afternoon. Poor Mrs. Villiars, how her heart

rejoiced in this proof of what she considered their love for her, while I could only see in it a fresh proof of their selfishness. The peace and rest of home was much to be desired after travelling for weeks, ere rushing into the whirl of a London season. However, it was no business of mine, happy in the happiness of my kind friend, I gladly assisted her in the needful preparations for the expected guests.

The wished-for day at length dawned bright and clear, and the carriage was dispatched at an early hour for the travellers. Mrs. Villiers and I went over the house again and again, so fearful was the tender mother of leaving any thing undone which could by any means conduce to the comfort of her beloved children; the choicest flowers from the conservatory, the rarest birds from the aviary, all added fresh charms to their richly decorated rooms.

At last, convinced that nothing else could be done, she accompanied me to the drawing room and sat down to await their arrival, which was already delayed beyond the hour appointed. At last the carriage entered the avenue, and I could see from the window the proud beauty of the young brides as they leaned back in the luxurious carriage. I did not witness the first greeting between the mother and her daughters, for I felt it was a joy which a stranger had no right to participate in; but I was soon convinced that the delicacy of feeling which prompted me to stand aloof, was entirely thrown away upon these heartless women; not a tear dimmed their eyes, there was none of that softened feeling apparent, which you might expect from the young and timid bride entering her mother's house for the first time as a guest. I was so struck with their indifference to all their mother's preparations which they hardly acknowledged, and wondered how they could be so callous to all that was lovely in the home which they would soon quit for ever. My young heart swelled with ill-suppressed indignation as I gazed on Mrs. Villiers, whose agony of disappointment was so visibly marked on her anxious face, and gladly did I hail the minute when the travellers, pleading fatigue, retired early to their rooms. Then it was, that poor Mrs. Villiers, with her arms around my neck, poured out all the agony of her feelings, and sought for sympathy even from so

young a friend. Time will not permit me to dwell on all the events of that week. It was very evident that there existed little love between these two young wives and their husbands, for already had the most absurd quarrels disturbed the sweet peace of home. Marion was by nature frightfully passionate, and her sister, brother-in-law, and husband seemed to me to take a perfect delight in aggravating her beyond endurance. On Sunday morning, previous to our attending divine service, there had passed a serious quarrel between them, such high words had been used that I trusted neither of them would venture into the House of God in such a dreadful state of mind. How mistaken were my ideas; it was too good a chance for displaying their bridal finery to the expectant gaze of the public to be thrown aside. The preparation of their minds for the solemn duties of the day, I am confident, never once entered their minds; and I was perfectly horrified at witnessing their frivolous trifling during the service. I looked at them when the minister repeated the commandment bidding us to remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy, but I doubt if they ever heard it, so engaged were they in their own heartless folly.

During the afternoon Mrs. Villiers was sent for to visit a dying woman, on whose sick bed she and I had been attending for some weeks previous, she did not return to dinner, and during that meal Marion and her husband seemed bent on quarrelling. Of course I was too insignificant a person even to be regarded by them, but I was old enough to tremble with fear at their awful manner of spending that day, which, if my views were not very clearly defined, I always had a holy awe of desecrating. After the cloth was removed, Marion's husband, who had drank freely during dinner, commenced taunting her about her frivolous conduct during divine service, a subject I thought he might as well let alone, as his had been very little better; the quarrel, in consequence, rose to an alarming height, neither of them would listen to reason, and Emily instead of endeavoring to quell such a disgraceful scene, only added fuel to fire by her insulting laughter. This so exasperated Marion that she seized a desert knife, and I fear would have stabbed her sister, had not her foot caught in the flounces of her dress,

causing her to fall heavily to the ground, her head striking with great violence against the steel fender. In a minute all was confusion and dismay, the senseless body of Marion was borne to her room, and a messenger dispatched for Mrs. Villiars.

I could not, my dear girls, spare the time to describe to you all the horrors of that death bed, for Marion had ruptured a blood vessel and only survived eight days. It was fearful to listen to her ravings, conscience then resumed its power and showed her that her whole life had been one scene of rebellion against the laws of her maker. It was impossible for one minute to turn her thoughts to contemplate the mercy of God, or the compassion of her blessed Saviour. She accused her mother of being the author of her misery because her indulgence had fostered all the evil of her nature; her husband and sister she looked upon as her murderer's, and only tolerated my presence because her pride could not brook the idea of servants witnessing her degradation.

The broken-hearted mother was indeed reaping the fruit of that folly which had caused her to overlook the spiritual in the temporal welfare of her children. Her agony I could not paint, as she listened to the ravings of her dying child; they froze my young heart with terror; what then must the mother have felt, convinced as she must have been of the truth, that all her affections having been centered in these children, she could never endure to thwart them, consequently their evil passions had taken deep root, and were now bringing forth to her the harvest of bitter agony and self reproach. On the following Sabbath afternoon Mrs. Villiars and I were sitting together in Marion's room, on which the shadow of death had already descended. Marion had laid quiet for the last three hours, the violence of her mental struggles had exhausted her, and nature was fast sinking. She smiled faintly as I gave her some wine, the first time she had done so since her illness. In this softened frame of mind I asked her if she would see her husband and sister and tell them she forgave them? But, the instant they entered the room her countenance became as rigid as ever; and no persuasion could induce her to say that she died in peace with them. She exerted all her strength to address them, which she did in the following words: "Had

you not first excited my passion, by your taunts, and aggravated it by your insulting laughter, the accident which has laid me here would never have happened, you caused me to be a murderer in intent, and I became a suicide. All this was enacted on the Sabbath day, a day I never yet kept holy, and now I am about to pass away into an eternity of suffering, at God's judgment seat must I answer for my misspent time, meet me there and—" But here Marion's strength failed her and she fainted. In this unconscious state her spirit left its earthly tenement and returned to the God who gave it. My dear girls, let me humbly hope that this scene, to which I was an eye witness, may warn you against the sin of breaking the rest of God's Sabbath, let not evil passions mar its sweet peace, and if you are blessed with parents who reprove your wrong doing, let me beseech you to listen humbly and meekly to their exhortations. You read how Solomon exhorted his son to listen to the reproofs of his mother. We are ~~re~~commended by God to train up our children in his fear and love, and we may all feel assured that he will bring every mother to a strict account for the soul committed to her care; if they will allow their children to walk unchecked in the broad path which leadeth to destruction, they will surely reap, like poor Mrs. Villiars, the seed of their own sowing. You come here every Sabbath afternoon, and earnestly do I exhort you to remember God's holy commandments. You possess so many privileges, oh! thank God for them, and prove your gratitude by taking advantage of all that you are taught, and try to instruct those of your family who are too young to come, in the contemplation of those precepts which I so earnestly endeavor to impress on your minds. A few words and my tale is done. Poor Mrs. Villiars gradually faded away from the day of Marion's death. Remorse worked its slow but sure revenge on her delicate frame. I was with her to the last, Emily having gone abroad immediately after the funeral. I trust Mrs. Villiars found mercy for she sought it with deep penitence and tears. As soon as she was committed to the grave I returned to my home, my exuberant spirits damped by the melancholy scenes I had witnessed, but with my mind more deeply impressed than ever with the awful sin of breaking the Fourth Commandment, in which we are strictly bidden "to keep holy the Sabbath Day."

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FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

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FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

"Honour thy Father and Mother, that thy days may be long in the land, which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

[T]his Commandment, the one for our consideration this afternoon, is, as you all know, the only one of the ten to which a promise is annexed. You have read of the severe punishments God always caused to overtake those who rebelled against their parents, and you also read in the Proverbs of Solomon the exhortations to his son to hear the instructions of his parents, assuring him, "that a wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Length of days, long life and peace are promised to those who forget not their father's law. I can fancy no sin so likely to call forth God's anger as the disobedience of a child. How often since I have been in Canada have I seen the mother whose best years have been spent in nursing and attending to a large family of fretful children, left in her old age to earn her living, whilst her lazy daughters would spend everything upon dress and enjoyment. If remonstrated with, a saucy answer would probably be her reward, and this for years of toil and privation of which her children could form no idea. From you, my dear pupils, I look for better things, you know what you owe to your parents, and your greatest delight should be to shield their old age from any suffering your affection can prevent. Now I will tell you a short tale of a dear little boy, whose example it would be well for you all to imitate. It will take you into far different scenes from the last, not among the great ones of the land, who revel in wealth and luxury, but into the lower ranks of life, I now call your attention, while I endeavor to illustrate the

precept contained in the Fifth Commandment. These events took place some time after I had myself become a wife and mother and in the same town where I resided.

A young woman who had been servant for years in our dear old clergyman's family, formed an attachment to a mechanic whose name was Edward Maynard. He was an excellent workman and had constant employment, but he possessed, like many others, I am sorry to say, a fondness for ardent spirits. Jane having lived in the best families from her childhood, had acquired much of that taste which so unfitted her for the station she so foolishly chose for herself as the wife of a bricklayer. In vain did all her friends, and particularly her good old master, remonstrate with her, pointing out the danger as well as sin she was incurring by uniting herself to a man addicted to drink; but Jane, poor, foolish girl, thought her influence all sufficient to wean him from this bad habit. I am afraid she never considered that any effort, however laudable in itself, unless blessed by divine help, must fail, and woke, as many have done before, from a dream of happiness, to find herself the neglected and ill-used wife of a drunkard. She became the mother of four children, the eldest of which is the little hero of my tale. It was evident that the natural refinement of the mother was innate in this child; he was a pretty, curly headed little fellow, very intelligent and passionately fond of his mother, whose miserable life he seemed at a very early age to sympathize with. She had taken great pains to impress on his youthful mind the precept contained in the Fifth Commandment. He clung to her with an all-absorbing love, as if he fain would shield her from the brutality of his drunken father. His artless endeavors to render her lot less miserable, was the sunshine of her wretched existence. Many a night when her brutal husband drove her with blows and harsh language to take shelter in her little garden, would the little innocent boy follow her, and laying his head on her bosom, speak words of love and comfort, and offer his artless prayer, that God would please to change his father's heart. No reproaches ever issued from his guileless lips, so well had he been instructed by his mother, and Sabbath-school teacher, in his filial duty. No one ever ventured in his presence to speak disrespectfully of his

father. Edward was a great favorite with the clergyman, who took a most lively interest in all the youthful members of his flock; but by the young wife of our kind physician he was almost idolized, he was her pupil in the Sabbath school, and his intelligent mind was indeed fit soil in which to sow the seed of our holy religion, sure of bringing forth the fruits of eternal life. Often did Mrs. Seymour when calling upon me discuss the character of her young pupil, but her love for him was always damped by the feeling that he was not destined for this world. "He is too good, too bright," she would say, "to linger here." Alas! how prophetic were her words. When Edward was about twelve years of age, his father who had long made use of his services, and tasked his delicate frame far beyond his strength, had insisted upon his carrying a load of bricks up a ladder, the consequence was, that the poor little fellow, overbalanced by the weight of the bricks, fell, and was carried home, fearfully injured, to his mother's cottage, who had but a few days previous, added another infant to the miserable and ill-regulated household. Dr. Seymour and his kind wife did all that laid in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the little patient; but at last the doctor, who had hoped against hope, all the time, was obliged to confess, that his injuries were beyond the skill of an earthly physician. It was with a heart rending burst of tears that Mrs. Seymour told me her husband's opinion, and requested me one afternoon about ten days after the accident, to walk with her to visit the little patient, whose earthly career was fast drawing to a close. I immediately prepared to accompany her, having first, according to her request, desired the servant to gather a basket of ripe strawberries to take with us. As we walked along, Mrs. Seymour expressed to me the deepest regret at the anticipated death of her young favorite, although she could not but acknowledge the wisdom and mercy of that decree which would remove him from a life of misery and suffering to join the happy band of children around our Saviour's throne. Yet so fondly did she love this little boy, that I have no hesitation in saying, her grief was no deeper, when some months afterwards she was called upon to resign one of her own darlings.

When we arrived at the cottage we were both struck with the

sad change in the little boy. The sunken eye and laboring breath told a fearful tale of suffering. As Mrs. Semour advanced to the bedside his eyes brightened as, with an exclamation of delight, he endeavored to raise himself from the pillow, which Mrs. Seymour prevented by placing her arm around him, and gently held him up, while I fed him with the ripe fruit, so refreshing to his parched and fevered lips.

Poor Edward had that morning been told by Mr. Seymour of his hopeless state, and he now begged Mrs. Seymour to be kind to his dear mother for his sake. He said, "Her grief was far harder to bear than all his bodily suffering." "Oh! try and comfort her, my beloved teacher," continued the little boy. "Exhort her to be resigned to God's will; tell her my constant, earnest prayer since I have lain here, has been that God may change my father's heart, and pardon all his sins; and now what can I say to you, how can I thank you for all your loving care, who taught me of God and Jesus; I can never repay the debt of gratitude, but you will not forget me, but let your little boys visit sometimes my grave, and teach them the priceless value of that religion, which takes from me all fear of death; my mother, my dear mother, is the only sting I feel." "Say no more, my darling," exclaimed Mrs. Seymour, as the little boy fell back exhausted by his effort, "I will, God helping me, never forsake your mother or her children." Dear Edward seemed much comforted by this assurance and requested Mrs. Seymour to pray for him; we knelt down and she offered a short and simple prayer adapted to the wants of the dying boy, who earnestly joined in the Lord's prayer at the conclusion. We then walked into the other room to see the poor, heart-broken mother, who, weakened by ill-usage and her late illness seemed unable to cope with the bitter trial awaiting her.

"Oh Madam! what does the doctor say of my dear child," exclaimed the poor woman as we approached her bedside, "Oh, will he die?" Mrs. Seymour, accustomed to witness all kinds of suffering while attending on her husband's poorer patients, gently endeavored to prepare her mind for the sad truth which the doctor had that day confirmed. Violent sobs and tears were all she could gain from the wretched woman; the certainty that her sole comfort was about to be taken away

rendered her almost insane, and gladly did we hail the entrance of the dear old clergyman who had just stepped in, as was his daily custom, to pray with the little sufferer. Sweetly did he talk to the miserable mother of that bright and beautiful home to which her child was fast travelling, and of that compassionate Saviour who called little children to him. He then prayed fervently to almighty God "to give her the spirit of resignation, and if it pleased his divine majesty to grant that the stroke which would almost crush the mother, might in his own good time be the means of awakening Maynard to a sense of his sin and bring him an humble penitent to Jesus' feet." The poor mother seemed relieved by his kindness, and bore with more composure than we expected the doctor's visit. When he told her "that there remained not a shadow of hope for her little boy's recovery, as mortification had already set in, the only comfort he could give her, was, that the remainder of his time would be free from suffering." He then asked, "who was going to set up that night?" but was told that the neighbors were all tired of coming on account of Maynard, who was so rude and insulting to all whom he found there. Mrs. Seymour then requested her husband to allow her to remain, and as I expressed my willingness to stay with her, he, with a little hesitation consented; and after giving directions what was to be done, left us to keep our sad watch in the chamber of death. About midnight Maynard returned, fortunately for us so helplessly intoxicated, as to be even insensible of our presence; and remained in an inner room till roused on the following morning by one of his fellow workmen. Edward passed a quiet night, free from ~~any~~ bodily suffering, although when morning dawned it was plain to all, that on him another sun would never rise.

It was beautiful to witness the young boy's trusting faith; the idea of leaving his mother had been the one great trial he had been subjected to all through his illness, but now that anxiety seemed entirely removed, with such perfect faith did he commend her to his heavenly father's care. About 8 o'clock in the morning Maynard came home to breakfast, and asked us in an insulting manner, "what we did there encouraging that lazy boy in his fancies?" declaring at the same time, "that if

he did not get up and go to work, that he would pull him out of bed." A cry of agony from the mother told that she had heard the brutal threat, which so exasperated him, that he went to the bedside, and was just about to seize his boy, when I caught his arm and dared him at his peril to touch the child. Whether the signs of death in the child's face struck him, I know not, but he disengaged his arm from my grasp, and uttering a fearful oath left the cottage, the door of which I immediately bolted, but gladly opened again in a few minutes, to admit the doctor and clergyman, who both arrived together.

The shock to the little boy's exhausted frame was too much, he struggled to rise, Mrs. Seymour raised him up, but it was too late, a stream of blood gushed from his mouth, and falling back his redeemed and purified spirit returned to him, "with whom is no variableness or shadow of changing."

Time will not permit me to dwell on the events following his death, dear Edward was carried to his last resting place on the next Sabbath afternoon, and most beautiful and impressive was the address of the minister to the young people surrounding his grave: How earnestly he exhorted them all to follow the lovely example of their dead companion, he showed how beautifully he had kept the commandment of God to honor his father and mother. No treatment, however harsh, had caused him to depart from the respect due to his father, his very life had been a sacrifice to his obedience, and now he was reaping his bright reward; in that sweet land beyond the tomb he was enjoying life eternal and a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Some years passed before Maynard was brought to a sense of his wickedness, but thank God who doeth all things well, the prayers of his little son were answered, and he became as remarkable for his sober and good conduct, as he once was for the contrary. He never forgave himself for being the cause, though indirectly, of his son's death, but followed out to the very letter, the earnest wishes expressed on his death bed. Jane had at last the satisfaction of seeing her husband respected where he was once both feared and hated.

The children were well educated, and they are now in their turn, teaching their children to obey the commandment of God which bids all to "honor their father and mother, that their days may be long in the land."

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SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

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SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt do no murder."

You are, I feel sure, wondering among yourselves how the Sixth Commandment can be illustrated by any event in life; you will not suppose it possible that I was likely to be placed in any scene, in which the crime of murder could be perpetrated. But, alas! it was my lot, many years ago to be a witness of such a deed, and also to give evidence on the trial which followed its commission. Before I tell you the particulars of this sad event, I cannot forbear pausing to make an urgent appeal to you all, against the danger of yielding yourselves up a prey to turbulent passions. No one can say where its consequences are to end. Remember the first murder that was ever committed, and the fearful curse pronounced, "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand; when thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yield unto you her strength; a fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be on the earth." What caused this dread deed? We read, "Cain was very wrath." Yes, anger caused a brother to spill the blood of a brother. The effects of anger are dreadful. How often have I listened with horror to the declaration made after the fit of passion had passed away, "That had the power equalled the desire the object of that anger had ceased to breathe." You have our blessed Saviour's own declaration, contained in the 28th verse of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, that the wish is paramount to the deed itself. How careful then should parents be to watch the least sign of anger in their little ones, and by checking the evil in the bud, prevent its fearful spread. I would take this opportunity also to warn you

against the spirit of aggravation, a temper almost as fatal as anger, inasmuch as it is the fuel which feeds the fire, and leads to deeds which in all probability would never have been thought of, if unassisted by its powerful dart; so few can withstand its baneful influence. But you will be getting impatient to hear how it came to pass that I was eye-witness to a murder, and I will therefore proceed to tell you how passion, irritated beyond control by aggravation, ended in the death of the unfortunate woman whose temper was the means whereby the fatal blow was struck by the hand of her husband.

There was situated some fifteen miles from my father's residence, an excellent inn, where travellers going to and fro from the town of I——, always stopped to dine or sup, as the case might be. The landlord, who was a very respectable man, kept a good house and carried on a successful business. He was, generally speaking, a quiet man, although at times, it was said, he would give way to fearful bursts of passion; but all allowed that had it not been for the cold, sarcastic, aggravating spirit of his wife, these fits of anger would have been few and far between. I knew nothing more of this couple than by staying an hour or two at the house while our horses rested. They were always exceedingly civil and kind, and made every effort for the comfort of their guests.

I was one evening with my brother and sister returning from the town of I——, where we had been spending part of the Christmas week, when a violent storm of snow suddenly set in, and so blocked up the road and blinded the horses, that it was nearly midnight ere we reached the inn. It was long after the time travellers would be likely to be expected, so the parlor fire had been suffered to die out, and we gladly accepted the landlord's invitation to seat ourselves before the kitchen fire (which was blazing cheerfully), in order that we might dry our clothes, which were saturated with the wet snow, which had been falling for the past four hours. The landlord was most pressing that we should stay all night, but as the storm seemed abating we were anxious to reach home, as we knew they would be expecting us. As we required no supper but a few biscuits, the landlord proceeded to mull some spiced wine, which is done by means of heating red hot a small poker and

then stirring it into the wine. He had, I think, been drinking, but was certainly not intoxicated, and talked most rationally to my brother about some business which my father was transacting for him. As his wife had not made her appearance we concluded that she had retired to bed, and were very much surprised when she presently entered the room and demanded in a most insulting tone whether her husband intended to drink any more wine that night? He answered her very civilly, when, to our consternation, she commenced lavishing on him the most approbrious epithets, evidently in reference to some former dispute. Her language was so insulting that my brother called her attention to us, as though he fancied she had not perceived any female guests in the room. This was of no avail, so fast did the bitter sarcastic taunts issue from her lips, that it seemed to me, as if she were possessed with a demon who was but too surely urging her on to her fate. Her husband, with face and lips white as death, commanded her to leave the room. Would that she had done so, and I should never have had to tell you this sad tale.

She must have seen that her husband was trembling with suppressed passion; why did she tempt him? That is a question I cannot answer, I only know, that before my brother could interfere, the incensed man had snatched the sharp red hot poker from the fire, and hurled it, all hissing as it was, at the wretched woman, who fell immediately. She never spoke again, in a few minutes her soul was in the presence of her Maker.

Oh! the fearful remorse of that poor man, as, his moment of passion over, he gazed on his victim as she lay dead at his feet. What would he not then have given, could he have brought back the life he had taken. I trust I may never witness such agony again, it was too frightful to contemplate and I cannot dwell on it.

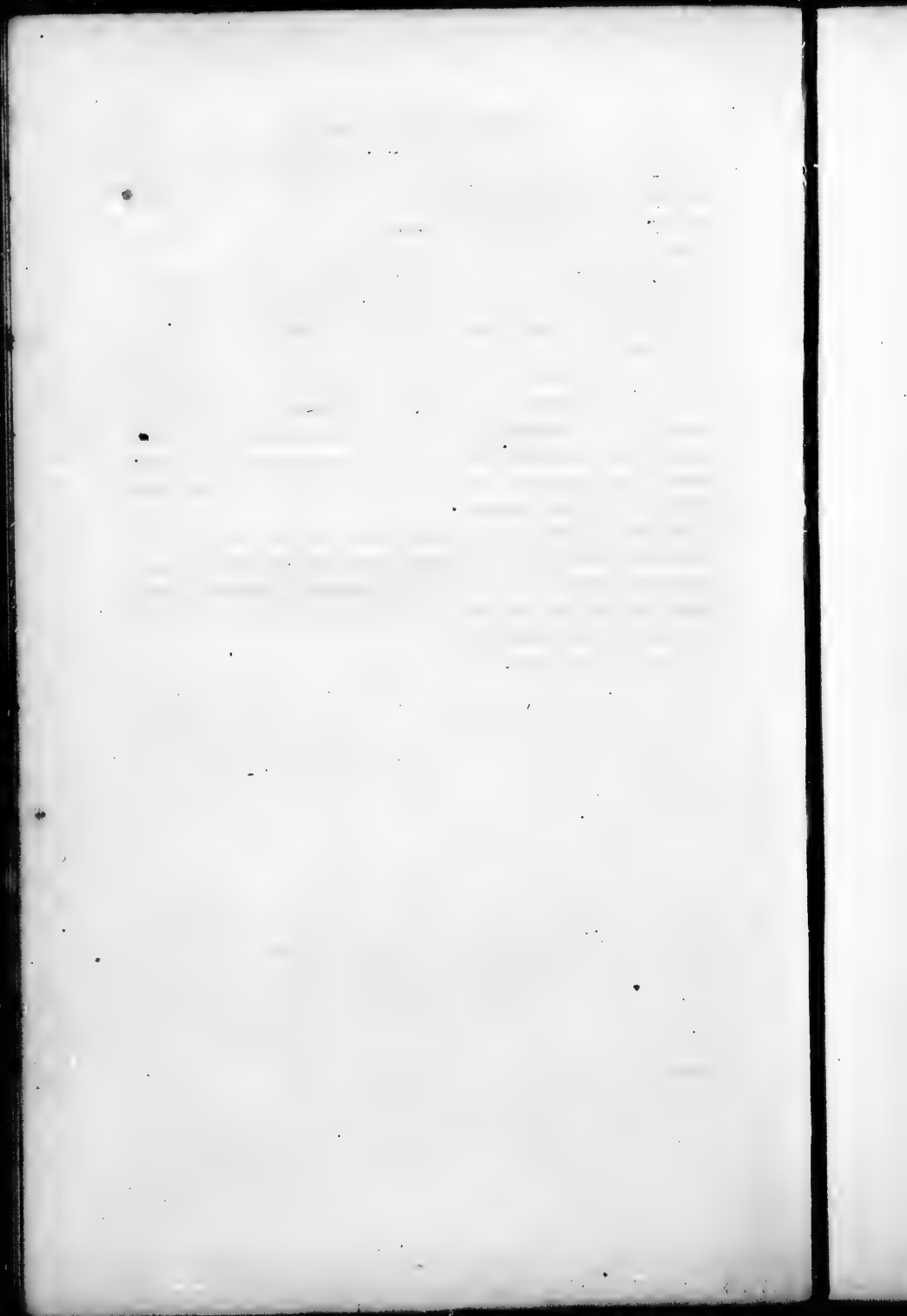
On the day of trial the court was crowded to excess, of course poor Browne pleaded guilty, so there was no need of a lengthy examination of the only three witnesses. We, of course, could not deny our evidence as to the extreme provocation he had received, for we all felt certain that the deed was done in the moment, when passion, asserting its full power, reason had

trembled in the balance. The verdict was manslaughter, and the sentence twelve month's imprisonment. But poor Browne did not outlive his term, he died a broken hearted penitent, within the nine months. "It was," the chaplain told us, "at first almost impossible to impress on his mind the truth that there could be pardon for him, it seemed as though he could not realize the condescension of that love which having bought his soul at such a price, was ready to wash out his sin and cleanse him by its mighty power." How often would he exclaim: "Can it be possible that these precious promises are for me?"

As my father was well known to the chaplain, we had no difficulty in obtaining free permission to accompany him sometimes when he visited this poor man. One thing we could not but admire in him; when talked to by some of his friends of the great provocation he had received; although he could not but feel it was the only thing which had saved him from the gallows, he would silence them at once. It seemed as though God in his infinite wisdom, caused the heart of this poor man to be so impressed with the great sin his passion had caused him to commit, that he sought to make no excuse for himself, but every one for his victim. He certainly might have sheltered himself under the plea of his wife's aggravating temper; but his deep humility precluded all such pleading. He was at last enabled to cast himself on the mercy of his blessed Saviour—"just as he was, without one plea to rid his soul of that dark blot, without one fear but that his blood could cleanse each spot." He died just three months before his term of imprisonment had expired, and most earnestly did he exhort all who stood around his bed, to flee the sin which had thus shortened his days. And will you not, my dear girls, let this warning sink deep into your hearts. Do not make the vain boast, that you are not likely to commit murder. Are you your own keepers? If you allow passion to be your master, can you say that you will be able to keep it within bounds? It is in its effects as fatal as the mighty avalanche which sweeps all before it. I have seen so much evil from its effects, I have suffered so deeply that it makes me so urgent with you to shun its direful consequences. A blow struck in a moment of passion sent a beloved son of mine to an early grave, can you wonder that

I am anxious to impress on you my dear pupils, the urgent necessity of praying God to deliver you from this evil; oh! wrestle with it, and never rest till, with God's gracious assistance, you have conquered. Remember this beautiful promise, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will, with the temptation also, make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." I would, my dear girls, now, in conclusion, refer you to the verses in the Proverbs of Solomon, whom, you know, was the wisest man, and he declares "that he that is slow to anger is of great understanding, but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly. A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." Also, "An angry man stirreth up strife and a furious man aboundeth in transgression."

Let me entreat you to stifle in the bud all evil thoughts, least they ultimately lead to the consummation of the deed, and which in the eyes of God are just as guilty, and will surely bring you under the condemnation of that law which says, "Thou shalt do no murder."



VI

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

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SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

The Seventh Commandment, which comes under our consideration this afternoon, will be perhaps the most difficult one to illustrate; yet I must not pass it over, and will therefore endeavor to relate an event, which will, I think, serve to show you the danger of breaking this express command of God, that you shall not commit adultery.

You are all old enough to know and understand that marriage was instituted by God in the time of man's innocence, to signify to us the mystical union between Christ and his church. You will also remember that it was at a marriage feast, that our blessed Saviour performed his first miracle of turning water into wine; which event has been so beautifully expressed by a young clergyman in these words—

*"The modest water awed by power divine,
Confess'd its God and blushed itself to wine."*

Marriage thus being a sacred ordinance, instituted by God himself, should never be lightly undertaken by man or woman. If you read over the marriage service appointed by our church you will there find, that the most solemn obligations are entered into by both parties, to cherish and love each other till death parts them; there is no other reservation—death, and death alone, is to part those whom God hath joined together, and whom no man is allowed to put asunder. Yet, do we not daily hear of cases of husbands deserting their wives and wives their husbands? thus flying in the face of the Almighty, setting his commandment at nought, and causing the crime of adultery to run riot through our land. But I will now endeavor to tell you a tale bearing on this commandment;

the parties acting in it were all well known to me, therefore you may be assured of its truth.

Mr. and Mrs. Granville were a young couple who lived a very short distance from my house. I had known Mrs. Granville as a girl and liked her very much, although I saw faults in her which I felt sure, would, if not checked, ultimately work her ruin. She was a very high spirited girl, impatient of control, and unfortunately for her, her mother died just as she attained her twelfth year, a time when the judicious and tender care of a mother was most needed to train and mould her character. A maiden sister of her father's came immediately after her death to take charge of the house and the motherless girl. Miss Vincent was a woman of the world, very handsome, agreeable, lady like, and clever, but a most unfit person to train such a girl as Laura. Her faults were all nourished by the injudicious indulgence of her aunt, who, proud of her neice's personal beauty and superior mental talents, never heeded the beauties of mind, consequently they were choked by the weeds of her own planting. She was placed at a fashionable boarding school without one principle to guide her, her highest aim being to deceive all in authority over her, and so well did she succeed that at the age of seventeen she eloped from school with a young man of whom she knew nothing, except that he was remarkably handsome and a delightful partner in the dance.

Both father and aunt were, as you may readily believe, furious when they heard of her marriage, but they never paused to consider how much of the blame might justly be imputed to themselves. No, all their fury was poured out on the head of the erring girl, who, after all was more sinned against than sinning.

I think you will agree with me that a young girl of seventeen, just fresh from a boarding school, could not be a very suitable wife for any man. Fortunately for Laura, her mother's property was settled on her, or poverty would have been the first evil her foolish conduct brought upon her, for the elder Mr. Granville refused his slightest aid, so indignant did he feel at the imprudent step his son had taken. Laura commenced her married life with no more idea of its sacred responsibilities

than a child of six years old. She could not control her servants, consequently they were always leaving her, for what respect could she command? She never knew her own mind ten minutes together, but would issue orders which in a few minutes she would countermand; there was no manner of regularity in her household, for the duties of housekeeping were to her unknown. Too soon Mr. Granville found that lady like manners, and a pretty face were not all sufficient to render home happy, he soon became indifferent to the loveliness which had enchanted him, and kept away as much as possible from his ill-regulated household.

Laura used frequently to come and pour out her complaints to me, but I found it impossible to make her sensible that she was in reality the culprit; there was no principle to work upon, consequently it was useless to reason with her, she could not endure blame, and resolutely shut her eyes to all her senseless folly. She used to cry, and call her husband, "cold, heartless, cruel," and every epithet she could find; and many, I am sorry to say, instead of checking her imprudent complaints, encouraged her to tell all she suffered, till the sanctity of her home was laid bare for the public to comment on, and the disagreements of Granville and his wife became the chief topic of our scandal-loving town.

It is always a delicate thing to interfere between man and wife, and no one can be justified in doing so; but I felt sorry for Laura, although I had no sympathy with her heartless folly; but at last I summoned up courage to request Mr. Granville's permission to allow Laura a regular housekeeper for one year, under whose tuition she might become fit to act for herself, and, at the same time, I promised to allow my cook, an elderly woman, to be with her for six months, until things should be got into regular order, for the waste going on in the house was frightful, and such as no income could support. Mr. Granville behaved in the most gentlemanly manner, and everything was settled to the entire satisfaction of all parties.

Laura became the mother of a little girl—it was a frail, delicate creature, and I never thought it would be raised; but, for once, Laura was sensible, and insisted upon nursing her infant herself, and she really seemed so fond of her tiny daughter,

that I began to hope that she would, for its sake, become a good and prudent woman; but we all know how hard it is to eradicate the settled faults of years, and I am grieved to be obliged to tell you that Laura soon found baby would confine her altogether too much to the house, and, to my astonishment, she came one morning to me to ask my advice, and solicit my aid in procuring a wet nurse for the little being, whose life seemed just held upon the frailest tenure.

Then it was that I took upon myself the privilege of a friend, to point out to her in the strongest terms the exceeding sinfulness of her conduct. I was almost too indignant even to listen to her frivolous reasons for resigning, into the hands of a stranger, a mother's sacred duty. I asked her, "how she dared to live in open defiance of all the duties she had promised to fulfil when she became a wife? was it not enough that she made home so miserable by her frivolous conduct, that she drove her husband to seek his happiness away from it? I was the more provoked, because I knew that Granville really loved his wife in spite of her heartless folly, and he was passionately attached to the little being who had the misfortune to call her mother. But talking to Laura was, indeed, like casting pearls before swine, and after she left me, I sat down and wrote to her aunt, begging her to come and use her influence to check Laura in her mad career of folly, which I felt sure must ultimately end in her ruin, for many rumours were afloat that her conduct was not very reputable. As she had never been a favorite in the town, people were not slow to blame her; she had always been too indolent to be kind—too proud to use any efforts to conciliate the general good-will. She was looked upon as a vain, frivolous, imprudent girl; and she, in her turn, accused the people, in the bitterest terms, of being a jealous, unkind and scandalizing set. I believe I was the only one whom she really loved, and it was not, I am sure, because I excused her follies, for I used in the plainest language to point out the exceeding sinfulness of her conduct.

From my knowledge of Miss Vincent I felt she would be painfully tenacious of anything which could cast a slur on the respectability of her family, although she had taken no pains to guard Laura against the imprudence which led to it; but I

felt that if her father could be persuaded to receive her again under the protection of his roof, that the evil which I so much dreaded might be averted.

The intelligence of what I had done was received by Laura with the most frightful burst of passion I had ever witnessed—she declared, “that her aunt should never come near her, and as to go back with her father, why she would die first.” Her hysterical fits became so alarming that I had no difficulty in persuading Mr. Granville to allow me to take charge of the baby until a fit nurse could be procured for it. How I pitied this little frail creature who was now to share with my fine, healthy boy, that nurture which its mother seemed so unwilling to give. In a very short time it began to thrive under the regular system of care bestowed on it; so rapidly did it improve that I told Mr. Granville I would not resign it to any hired nurse. Laura used to come and see her baby occasionally, but she seemed so indifferent to it, that the only wonder to me was, that she ever took the trouble to see it at all.

When the baby was about six months old Mr. Granville took Laura to the sea side; she came to bid me good bye the evening previous to her departure. I tried to talk to her, but she seemed studiously to avoid what she used to call, “my lectures.” It was a mystery to me, how she could sit so unmoved and see her infant’s smiles all given to me—its little tiny arms held out whenever I was near it; but she seemed perfectly indifferent that its innocent love should be lavished on a stranger. Laura left the next morning, and I never saw her again—she ended her career as might have been expected from her vain, unprincipled character. Taking advantage of her husband’s absence she eloped with an officer, whose attentions had been for some time of a most suspicious nature. Her heart-broken husband returned home, and after making arrangements with me about his little daughter, procured a commission in a foreign regiment and immediately sailed.

My dear little nursing continued with me till she was eighteen months old—a fine, healthy little creature. About that time a sister of Mr. Granville’s came, and informing me of his death, requested to have her infant niece given up to her. I was very unwilling to part from my darling Nelly, but

I had no authority to keep her from her lawful guardians. Miss Granville, therefore, remained a few weeks with me, until Nelly would go to her without fretting, and then she was taken away. I never saw my sweet foster child again—she fell a victim to scarlet fever within a year after her departure.

Since I have been in Canada I have heard of Laura's death, which was just what might have been expected—after years spent in sin and folly she died an outcast of society, without one real friend to smooth her dying pillow, or whisper words of loving kindness in her ear; no bright assurance of forgiveness could have soothed her last moments, for delirium in all its horrors was the companion of her deathbed. This, then, was the sad end of one whose superior personal beauty and rare talents, had they been turned to account, might have rendered her an ornament of the society she outraged.

May this tale, my dear girls, warn you of the folly and danger of continuing in a course of self-willed frivolity. It often provokes me to hear young persons say, "I do not care what people think of me, or say of me, as long as I am conscious that I do no harm." Let me assure you that, that very security under which you act is frequently your ruin. No female can bid defiance to public opinion and retain that respect which ought to be her safeguard. Every appearance of evil ought to be as jealously guarded against as the evil itself. Why should you take pains to procure a bad character, by acting as if you in reality possessed one? surely a good one is obtained at much less trouble. It is no proof of your freedom from criminality because you are in reality pure, if your actions are of such a nature as to condemn you. Let me then exhort you all to listen to the reproofs of your parents and teachers—they must know better than you, who have had no experience in the world. If young girls are forbidden by their parents to go any where, how often have I seen the pouting lip and listened to the undutiful answer: surely you must forget that it is a parent's duty to guard her children from evil, and those who do not do so, generally have to repent in bitterness their sinful neglect. I have heard men on the eve of going to the scaffold confess, "that willful disobedience to their parents was the cause of the sin which now was ending in a

shameful death." On the other hand, what must be the remorse of that parent whose conscience tells her, that had she trained her child in the fear and love of God, he would not now bring her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Fancy such a death-bed as Laura Granville's; does it not make you shudder? Oh! remember this painful truth—

"There's no repentance in the grave,
Or pardons offered to the dead."

Certainly we cannot, ought not, or dare to fix any limits to the mercy of the Almighty; but, still, we can have but little hope in a death-bed such as this; it was, indeed, a just punishment, and one that will, sooner or later, surely descend on the heads of all those who live and die in open defiance of that commandment which forbids us "to commit adultery."

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

1. *Phragmites australis* (Cav.) Trin. ex Steud.

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not steal."

This commandment requires your serious attention, my dear girls, not that I for one moment suppose that any of you would be guilty of the sin of thieving; but we will, nevertheless, consider it in all its bearings. You know, as well as I can tell you, that a great many young people imagine by just taking a trifle, that they do not injure the person from whom they take it, so that it lessens the sin: they, perhaps, never go beyond what they call little thefts, and who, while they would neither take clothes out of a drawer, or money out of a purse, think it no crime to help themselves to tea, sugar, fruit, or any other nicety which they have taken a fancy to. But, surely, they forget, that any one who takes a trifle to-day, may feel less scruple in seizing something of great value to-morrow; and thus it is, that from small beginnings, vice overruns the whole character, and utter ruin frequently ensues. It is vain to say, we do not intend to run such lengths—the effects of sin are powerful; they are as mischievous as a small spark which, falling on the tinder, is not only sufficient to kindle fires in every chamber of a house, but even to consume the entire building. I will now endeavour to make the illustration of this commandment interesting to you, by relating a short tale of two cousins, one of whom, by indulging during her childhood in various small speculations, was induced as she grew up, to rob her aunt of £10,000.

Anna Somers and Louisa Belfield were cousins, and it would be impossible to find two more different characters than these two girls presented. Anna was remarkably pretty, and extremely lady-like both in appearance and manners, but she was arrogant, sly, untruthful and selfish to a degree. Louisa,

on the contrary, was a regular Hoyden—generous, sweet tempered—and so thoughtless, that she was always bringing upon herself endless trouble. But then she was so ingenuous, so grieved for her folly, that it was impossible to deny her the pardon she pleaded for so prettily.

She had the brightest face I ever saw; you read her guileless character in every change of its expression. Mrs. Belfield, who was a remarkably clever and sensible woman, earnestly sought at the footstool of her God, for strength to correct this serious fault which marred the bright beauty of her daughter's otherwise faultless character. Louisa could never be trusted to remember anything she was told to transact—her exuberant spirit would chase all business-like habits from her mind; but one thing she would never do, and that was to give a promise, "I will try to remember, she would say, but I dare not promise, lest I be guilty of untruth." Her love of truth was so deep a sentiment of her nature, "that true as Louisa Belfield" was quite a proverb among her young companions, not one of whom, but would have borne any punishment most willingly, rather than see it inflicted on Louisa, the too frequent consequence of her thoughtlessness. Mrs. Belfield felt how serious would be the effect of this fault on Louisa's future character, consequently she never allowed her to go to school, but educated her at home, that she might watch over her, and with God's blessing on her efforts, eradicate the evil weeds which threatened to take deep root in her mind. When Louisa had attained the age of fifteen, her aunt had occasion to go abroad and left to Mrs. Belfield's guardianship her only daughter Anna, a girl about the same age as Louisa. A handsome sum of money was allowed for her maintenance, and she became the inmate of her aunt's house. No one could see Anna without being struck by her elegant form and delicate beauty; but very soon her aunt found cause to regret that her niece had been left to her care. Anna was so unprincipled, that she never for one moment hesitated about appropriating to her own use any pretty little trinket or keepsake of Louisa's, whose inveterate carelessness of habit rendered an easy prey for her artful and designing cousin, who, without any compunction of conscience, would see Louisa severely reprimanded for the loss

of the very article which she had under lock and key in her own room.

You may all fancy what a source of pain and grief this trait in Anna's character was to her affectionate aunt, who loved her niece most tenderly. Of course, it was some time before Mrs. Belfield discovered this propensity, for Anna was sensible enough to feel that it would disgust both her aunt and cousin, and this kept her generally on her guard: it was in little things in which she was less careful of detection; for instance she would, without scruple, help herself from Louisa's work box or desk to anything she needed, rather than use her own; the best and ripest fruit she always appropriated; till poor Mrs. Belfield found to her horror, that it was a regular system with Anna to set aside the sacredness of the precept contained in the eighth commandment.

Mrs. Belfield lost no time in endeavoring to point out to Anna the great sin of which she was guilty, but the only real result was, more guarded conduct on the part of this unprincipled girl. Mrs. Belfield had no fear of Louisa being corrupted by her cousin, for truth and honor were her leading characteristics, and she shrank with undisguised horror from this vice in Anna, who cared too little for her cousin's affection, to make the slightest effort to conciliate her.

Yet Anna was to be pitied, for the injudicious training she had received from her very vain and weak-minded mother, could not fail of bringing forth its own evil fruit. Anna's little peccadilloes as a child were laughed at, until she began to think cheating and stealing were two very clever attributes, and at the age of fifteen she was an adept at scheming.

Can you not imagine how painfully this character marred all the high hopes entertained by Mrs. Belfield, when she first welcomed this elegant girl to her home, as a companion for her guileless Louisa?

When these young girls had attained their seventeenth year, they were invited to spend the summer with their paternal great aunt, Lady Susan Chaville, who was then residing in the beautiful county of Kent, but who, having been abroad for some years, knew nothing at all of her young relations. Lady

Susan was scarcely prepared to see two such lovely girls as made their appearance in her drawing room. Louisa had lost all the wildness of her childish years, and was a very Hebe in looks—eyes so bright and joyous, that they seemed like glittering stars; a face, in fact, all sunshine, reflecting every thought of her artless mind. Her's was a character moulded in purity, highly educated, and accomplished in all which could add to the natural grace of her nature. No wonder that Louisa was beloved by all who came under the influence of her sweet and sunny temper.

Far different was Anna Somers—graceful as a swan; she moved only for effect; too indolent even to make an effort to please, if it put her the least out of her way. Her face was like some beautiful statue—features so regular that they seemed as though chiseled out of marble, but too still to be pleasing, the expression too cold to win admiration. She was, also, very talented; but, unlike Louisa, never made use of her talents for the benefit or amusement of others, unless she had some selfish aim in view.

These, then, were the two girls who now made their debut under the patronage of their aunt, Lady Susan Cheville, the widow of a Baronet, who had died some years previously, and left his immense fortune under her entire control. Never having been a mother herself, she was anxious to make the acquaintance of her young relatives, that she might so dispose of her property as to ensure its being placed in the hands of those who would make good use of it.

A very short time served to convince Lady Susan of the superiority of Louisa's character, but she was determined to put it to the test. One morning she called her two nieces into the room in which she was accustomed to spend her mornings, and telling them that it was her intention to introduce them into the first circles of society, presented them each with a bank bill for fifty pounds, desiring them to provide themselves with dresses suitable to their rank as her nieces. She then folded up another cheque which she held in her hand, and giving it to Louisa requested her to go and place it in a pocket book which she would find in the corner drawer of her escritoire, at the same time remarking, "That she would have an

opportunity during their stay of judging which of them would prove themselves worthy of becoming the ultimate possessor of that cheque."

When the cousins were retiring to bed that same night, Anna enquired of Louisa the amount of the cheque placed in her hands by lady Susan. Louisa, with a look of astonishment depicted on her face, asked Anna, "whether she supposed for one minute that she had been guilty of the meanness of opening a closed paper intrusted to her care? It was evident," she continued, "that lady Susan did not intend that we should know the amount, or she would have mentioned it." Anna replied by declaring, "That had she been requested to put away the cheque she would have considered herself quite justified in finding out the amount of a sum which in all probability would be hers one day," and laughed heartily at what she called "Louisa's squeamish idea of honor."

The .ter months passed away with the young girls in the full enjoyment of the gaities of the gay town in which Lady Susan resided. Two such lovely girls were great acquisitions to society and they were universally allowed to be the belles of the season. Their beauty and the reputed wealth of Lady Susan gained them many admirers; and Anna's hand was sought in marriage by a gentleman upon whom Lady Susan had always looked upon with abhorrence, on account of his propensity for gambling—a vice which she entertained a dreadful horror of.

When applied to by him to become a suitor for her niece's hand, she, with the candor which always characterized her, answered, "That she arrogated to herself no right to give or refuse her niece's hand, that during her mother's absence he would do well to apply to her guardian Mrs. Belfield, as she would give him no encouragement on account of his ruling passion," and she also gave him to understand in the most unmistakable language that Anna would never receive a single shilling of her money to be squandered in gambling.

What a disappointment to the ambitious aspirations of this young man, was this decision of Lady Susan's. His love for Anna was founded solely on her expectations, which she had

led him to believe were immense, and he could scarcely hide his chagrin as he informed Anna of the result of his interview with Lady Susan.

Anna, however, soothed him with the hope of being able to obtain a large amount without either the knowledge or sanction of Lady Susan, and then mentioned the affair of the cheque, at first her lover was shocked at the scheme proposed by Anna to take possession of this money; but his debts were heavy, and as he had no present means of meeting the demands made upon him, he soon listened with avidity to Anna's proposal of robbing her kind and generous aunt.

Can you, my dear girl, fancy ingratitude equal to this? but Anna had so long indulged in the infringement of the Eighth Commandment, that she now felt not the slightest compunction of conscience. The desire to possess the draft had so long taken possession of her that she felt no desire to resist the temptation, even the fear of detection did not deter her; her plans were well laid, but she surely forgot, that God's all-seeing eye was upon her, from that there was no escape. Oh! think of this when you are tempted to commit any sin, never mind how small you think it—sin is sin in God's eyes, and he will surely bring all who indulge in it to a strict account.

A short time after this Lady Susan was seized with a very severe and dangerous illness, and most tenderly was she nursed by the affectionate Louisa, who gladly relinquished the gaieties of the season to take her post by the bedside of her aunt. As Lady Susan was well aware that this attack was likely to terminate her existence, she was anxious to settle her worldly affairs while reason was left her, and she therefore one evening requested Louisa to bring her the draft which she had requested her to put away some months previous, and handed her the key of the escutcheon in which she had been told to deposit it. *given*

To Louisa's horror and astonishment the draft was not there. In vain she ransacked the drawer, but not the slightest vestige of it could be seen, and she was forced to return to Lady Susan with the unwelcome tidings that the draft was not where she had placed it. Louisa bore the searching look of her aunt with a face in which surprise and truth were strongly blended, as she simply stated where she had left it, in the pocket of the

pocket-book which she now held in her hand. "Strange and very suspicious," exclaimed Lady Susan as she sank back in a fainting fit. "Oh! is it possible that my beloved aunt can for one minute deem me guilty," was the pitiful cry of poor Louisa as she fell on her knees by the bedside of her aunt.

"Hush, Miss Belfield," exclaimed the nurse as she now came forward to assist in bringing Lady Susan to consciousness, "be patient, all will be well, I think I can give you some assistance in the recovery of the cheque." "You, nurse, oh! why did you not speak?" "Because Miss," replied the nurse, "it was not the time to speak, go to your room, and I will reveal all in due time." Poor Louisa; some horrible idea had taken possession of her, which she vainly tried to shake off. She recollected how earnestly Anna had wished to know the amount of this draft; was it possible that in gratifying her curiosity she had been tempted to appropriate the cheque? The pulses of poor Louisa's heart almost stood still at the bare idea of such a monstrous act; and yet, who knew of the existence of the cheque but herself and Anna? whose character for dishonesty Louisa had too good cause to know.

The next morning Anna and Louisa were summoned into their aunt's room, and any unprejudiced observer would have immediately pronounced Louisa as the guilty party—so much had a sleepless night of dread and anxiety overcome her—Lady Susan was sitting up in her bed, supported by pillows, and she gently mentioned the loss of the draft, and inquired of her nieces if either of them could account for its disappearance. A slight shade of palor spread over Anna's face as she denied any knowledge of it, and sneeringly added, "that as it had been placed in Louisa's hands, she thought her the only person accountable for it."

"Louisa has already given full satisfaction as to her share in the affair," replied Lady Susan, as she most affectionately pressed the hand of the trembling girl; "Now let us see whether nurse can enlighten us on this very mysterious subject." Mrs. Brown then in a slow and distinct voice addressed Lady Susan in the following words:

"A few nights ago I had just lain down on the sofa in your ante-room, when I was startled by seeing a light gleam through

the partition, which separates it from your dressing room. I thought this very strange, as the young ladies had long since retired to rest, and none of the servants have any business in that room. I therefore watched very attentively and saw your escutoire unlocked, a pocket-book taken out, opened, and a paper examined which was within. At first it seemed to me that mere curiosity actuated the person, for she examined it very carefully and folded it up again. It was not, however, returned to the pocket-book, but placed in the young person's bosom, who then locking the escutoire, retired as silently as she entered; for the rest I must refer you to Miss Somers."

As Mrs. Brown finished this recital the conscience stricken girl with a cry of despair fell senseless on the floor, when upon examination, not only the draft was found, but a letter to her mother in which she stated her intention of taking possession of what she considered she had as much right to as Louisa, and requesting her to find shelter for herself and the partner of her guilt, as they intended leaving England immediately.

It was long before the guilty girl could be recovered from her swoon, and then disappointment and not penitence for her great crime was the cause of her suffering. The shame of detection was the rankling arrow, not the sin itself. But it was fortunate for her that she was arrested before she had gone a step further, for had she succeeded in her scheme all Lady Susan's rank and fortune could not have saved her from the punishment which generally follows all who render themselves amenable to the laws of their country.

A few days after this, Lady Susan's illness assumed a more dangerous character, and feeling that her end was approaching, she requested Mrs. Brown to summon her nieces to her presence, when she thus addressed them—"My children, I feel that in a few short hours I shall be called upon to stand in the presence of my Maker, and I would fain say a few words while strength yet remains. Oh! Anna, what can I say to you? how can I make you sensible of your dreadful guilt? can you for a moment suppose that wealth gained as you have gained it could ever prosper? how could you dare to expect God's blessing on a union secured by such means? just fancy what your feelings would be, were you like me laying on a death bed; how differ-

ently would the pleasures of sin appear to you then; believe me, all the riches of this world would fall to give you one iota of comfort in that dread hour—you must leave all that behind; but sin, remember, accompanies you to the bar of eternal justice! Oh! that I could impress on your mind the necessity of seeking God's pardon, and grace to flee the sin which doth so easily beset you. If you persist in it, this world's justice will overtake you and plunge you into ruin: go, my poor, erring child, to the footstool of your God, and there in deep humility cast your care upon him—no one ever went to him in vain—he will in no wise cast you out, if with sincere penitence you turn unto him; in our dear Saviour's own gracious words do I say unto you, 'go, and sin no more;' my pardon for the wrong you would have done me I freely bestow—may you as easily be able to forgive yourself. To you, my dear Louisa, I need say but a few words—persevere in the path of rectitude, and when you die may you be able to say, as I do now, 'I know in whom I have trusted and fear not; though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for he is with me; his rod and staff they comfort me.' Never lose sight, dear one, of this blessed hope. My blessing I give you, and when I am laid in my grave you will find that your aunt has not forgotten you."

In a few hours Lady Susan breathed her last—calmly and peacefully she passed away—no fears disturbed her; she had remembered her God in the days of her youth, and he had not forsaken her in age.

Will you not, my dear girls, let Anna Somers' history be a warning to you all; you see the dread consequence of sin in her case. As she left England so soon after her aunt's death, I have no means of finding out whether this warning exercised any influence over her—I can only hope it did, and that she sought for the future the durable riches of righteousness. God, in his infinite mercy, keep you from harm, and lead you to shun the vice which would tempt you to break the commandment, which says—"Thou shalt not steal."

NINTH COMMANDMENT.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

NINTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

This commandment, my dear girls, calls also for your most serious attention, for it is one so frequently broken, that hardly a day passes in which we do not hear of irremediable mischief being caused among friends and acquaintances by its means. Surely, any one who practices this sin forgets the heinousness of it in the sight of the God of truth, who has expressly declared that "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." You all know, I am sure, the misery and wretchedness a lying tongue can create in a family, how many lies must be told in order to conceal one, though they very seldom answer the purpose—

"For liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two."

Of the danger and sin of this I will endeavor to show you, by telling you an incident which I trust will not only prove to you the necessity of truthfulness in your recitals of anything which may have passed under your notice, but act as a warning, so as to induce you to shun the fatal sin which caused me so many months of misery.

I was a very young girl when I was married, and left the home of my childhood to dwell among strangers in a strange place, some 150 miles from the town where I was born. There was a lady who resided about a mile from me of whom I soon became very fond. She was twenty-four years older than myself and being both exceedingly clever and wise, was certainly a friend any young girl might have felt proud of pos-

sing; I certainly was, for she was noted for being extremely particular in the choice of her associates. To me she was all kindness and generosity, and with the tenderest, loving kindness, did she act the part of a sincere friend, for she never saw me act imprudently, or speak injudiciously, which I am sure was very often the case, but she would tell me frankly of my fault, and advise me against the repetition of it. Fortunately for me I had the good sense to value her friendship and endeavor to profit by it, although many of my younger companions would sneer and ask, "If I were willing to be kept in leading strings all my life?" However, time passed away, and my affection for Mrs. Stanley increased with my better knowledge of her; but I had become the mother of a son and twin daughters before the events took place which I have chosen for the illustration of the commandment now under our consideration.

I and my nurse and three children had been spending some weeks at the seaside, for the benefit of sea bathing, and had been home about three weeks, when I began to wonder why Mrs. Stanley, who had always before this, been the first to welcome me, had not paid her accustomed visit; and I was the more surprised, because she had stood sponsor for one of my little girls, who was named Florence, after her, and in whose welfare she seemed to take great interest. However, I fancied she might be from home or unwell, and therefore determined to drive over the next afternoon and see what was the matter. Accordingly, I did so, and to my utter astonishment was told "That she was engaged with company and could not conveniently see me." This message from Mrs. Stanley perfectly petrified me; for how often had I called when some of her most distinguished visitors had been there, and I had always been received with open arms and the warmest kiss. What could occasion this change? I felt so mortified that I could scarcely command myself sufficiently to drive from the door. On my way home I thought over everything I could possibly think of which could have caused offence, but always having loved her so fondly, I could not dream of either a word or action which could have given her cause for displeasure.

I had seen her only the day previous to my starting on my

journey, and then she was as affectionately fond of me as ever, and had lingered long, giving me advice about my treatment of her goddaughter, and when bidding me farewell, wound her arms so lovingly around me, and kissed me over and over again, as if loth to part with me even for a day—and now she would not see me, or admit me to her house! I felt myself quite ill. The more I thought, the more unaccountable seemed her conduct; but conscious that I had done nothing to merit her cool treatment, I was determined to await the unfolding of the mystery. Weeks passed away and I saw nothing of Mrs. Stanley except at church, and then it seemed to me that she studiously avoided me—a cool nod being all the notice I received from one, who had never met me before without a smiling welcome peculiar to herself. Having been denied admittance to her house once, my spirit was too proud to brook a second denial, besides, I had a dread of intruding on any one. It is a feeling so strong with me, that it clings to me to this day; the fonder I am of a person, the more timid I feel lest I should at any time wear out my welcome.

I had a very large circle of acquaintances, but there was not one individual amongst them all, whom I really loved, except Mrs. Stanley. This was of course well known, and the coolness subsisting between us, was a common topic of conversation among those who were not a little jealous of the familiar notice bestowed upon me by one, whom it was considered quite a privilege to be on visiting terms with.

Mrs. Summerville the wife of our curate, who had with Mrs. Stanley stood sponsor for the other twin, was the only person who ventured to mention the subject to me, and we talked it over together, but I could not remember a single word I had ever said which could in the smallest degree have caused offence. Mrs. Summerville then offered, if I would give her permission, to call on Mrs. Stanley and ask for an explanation of what she thought was due to me. I had fretted so much that I had become very nervous and ill, and gladly accepted of Mrs. Summerville's offer, although I had but little hope of benefitting by it. A few days elapsed before Mrs. Summerville called upon me again, and then it was with the following explanation that she completely startled me. I give it in her own words:

"When I called on Mrs. Stanley, I requested her, as a minister's wife, and one truly interested in you, that she would kindly inform me what cause she had for her cool treatment of one whom we all knew she loved, or professed to love so very fondly? At first Mrs. Stanley was unwilling to give her reasons, although she seemed to consider them amply sufficient to justify the course of conduct which she had pursued. "I told her," continued Mrs. Summerville, "that to treat a person with such marked coldness, who was so attached to her; and between whom such a warm intimacy had existed, without giving a reason, was an act of injustice, that I had too good an opinion of her character to think she would persist in; I therefore begged her, by the love she once bore you, to speak candidly, and at least give you a chance of defending yourself."

She then informed me, "that during your absence at the seaside, she had requested the assistance of several young ladies of the town to assist her in decorating her rooms for a dance which she was giving. Whilst they were engaged she had regretted in very warm terms your absence, because of your taste in arranging flowers. During this discussion, she was asked by a Miss Vicars, 'How she could think so much of you?' declaring, that your love for her was all hypocrisy, and only professed for what she gained by it. Miss Vicars then proceeded to inform Mrs. Stanley that you had yourself told her, 'that you would never have asked her to have stood sponsor for your little girl, only for the handsome presents you expected to get from her,' adding, that was the only thing which could make amends for the lectures which you said you were sure to receive from her as its godmother. She also added that you had expressed a conviction that Mrs. Stanley was jealous of you, for you knew that she had herself said so, and many more things Miss Vicars said which I have no patience to repeat. Mrs. Stanley then requested Miss Vicars to say whether what she had asserted was in reality true? because, if so, she would never notice you again. This was evidently all Miss Vicars required, and as she positively asserted that you had said all this to herself, Mrs. Stanley, both her pride and affection wounded, unfortunately took it for granted, that what was so positively asserted, must be true, and the conversation

dropped, for Mrs. Stanley's feelings seemed so hurt, that the young people were afraid she would give up the party, a thing by no means desired."

"This, then, is Mrs. Stanley's account; it now remains for you to contradict or confess its truth."

Words would be all inadequate to express my horror at this tale of slander, and it was so long before I could compose myself to speak, that Mrs. Summerville thought it best to leave me for a few hours; and promising to call in the evening, left me to ponder over a tale which well nigh drove me frantic. But it was not the tale, bad as it was, which so hurt me; it was the feeling that Mrs. Stanley could believe me capable of such conduct; could she then have so little faith in my love for her, that she would condemn me on mere assertion? Could she cast me off without a word of defence? This was the bitterest sting of all, and it was long before I could calm myself sufficiently so as to be able to remember what I had really said to Miss Vicars.

I recollected distinctly being asked by that young lady why I had not had Mrs. Stanley for my boy's godmother? and that I had told her, "that as he was the first grandchild, I wished him to be named after my father, who had been his sponsor, but that I should dearly like to have her stand for one of my little girls, only that I felt such a delicacy in asking her, as I well knew, that from frequent conversation which I had had with her, that she entertained a very serious sense of the responsibility incurred, by undertaking the office of sponsor in baptism. I knew her idea was, that sponsors should really feel that responsibility which our church originally designed that they should feel; and that parents do not generally consider, that by appointing any one to that office, that they actually give them authority to enquire into the religious education of their children. Another thing I also dreaded, lest she should think I was expecting too much from her generous affection to me, for she was always loading me with proofs of her love—and I possessed a morbid horror of imposing on her kindness. Miss Vicars, I recollected, at the time laughed heartily at what she was pleased to term "my squeamish affectation," and said, "that Mrs. Stanley was the very person to ask,

because she was rich enough to make her godchild handsome presents." Such an idea never entered my brain, for I only thought of the real value of the advice I was sure to receive from one so much my superior, and felt sure that should anything happen to me, my little baby girl would find an affectionate guardian in my beloved friend! However, I was spared the task of requesting her, by herself offering to become sponsor. Gladly did I consent, for I knew she would fulfil to the letter what she promised at the font, and that was all I asked or wished for. As regards the other assertion, made by Miss Vicars, the only way I could account for it, was, that during a visit from her one afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had driven up. Mr. Stanley had promised me some cuttings from a very rare plant, and had just stepped in to give me instructions about them; when Mrs. Stanley in her usual playful manner, declared, "she was getting quite jealous of me, for that her husband would not even cut the plant for her." Some pretty compliments from Mr. Stanley must have excited Miss Vicars's envy, or she could not thus have misrepresented the simple affair. Why she thus bore false witness against me, and turned a few simple words in judgment against me, is more than I can account for. Miss Vicars was not a favorite of mine, but she never received anything but courteous treatment, whenever she chose to visit me.

On Mrs. Summerville's return in the evening, I related every thing exactly as it happened, and as nearly word for word as it was possible for me to remember. Mrs. Summerville then invited me to accompany her on a visit to Mrs. Stanley's, to which I gladly assented, and she fixed three o'clock the next afternoon to drive me over. Miss Vicars was at this time staying with a lady some five miles out of town, to whose husband's brother she was soon to be united. I felt extremely reluctant to go to Mrs. Stanley's unless armed with full proof of the truth of my assertions. I therefore drove over early in the morning to Mrs. Wentworth's, where Miss Vicars was staying, and requested a private interview with her. I cannot tell you all I said, or how she endeavored to deny the charges brought against her; but they were all too well founded, and she found it useless to contest it. I insisted that she should

make reparation, either by accompanying me to Mrs. Stanley's and retract all she had said, or write a note at my dictation. If she refused either of these alternatives, I said I would acquaint Mr. Wentworth with the whole transaction. I sought no revenge, but justice demanded that she should act as I required. It was some time before the guilty girl could be brought to choose between the two evils, both being equally derogatory to herself. At last, I suppose from the fear of Mr. Wentworth, she decided upon the latter course, and penned a note entirely exonerating me from the charges she had preferred against me. Armed with this missive, and my own conscious innocence, I, accompanied by Mrs. Summerville, drove over to Mrs. Stanley's, who, having received a note from Mrs. Summerville in the morning, was awaiting with some anxiety our arrival.

I requested Mrs. Sumerville to be the bearer of Miss Vicar's note to Mrs. Stanley, while I sat down in the hall to recover my composure. The day had been intensely hot, and I was so ill from nervous excitement that it was with some difficulty I could keep myself from fainting. Only a very few minutes elapsed ere the arms of my dear friend were thrown around me, and I felt that every kiss was an acknowledgment that I was once more restored to her love. Time will not permit me to dwell on all the sorrow Mrs. Stanley expressed for having acted so unjustly. I was too happy not to accord her what she so earnestly asked—my forgiveness. But the sudden change was too much for me; a long and serious illness followed this explanation. Most tenderly did dear Mrs. Stanley attend me through that time of trial, and ever after was she my sincere and warmest friend. Nothing ever happened again to cool the love we felt for one another till death parted us, which event took place some six years afterwards. I was with her through her trying illness, and mourned her death most deeply, for in all the trials of my after life, and they have been many and great, have I missed her kind, consoling words, her tender sympathy, and affectionate generosity. She died trusting in the merits of our blessed Saviour whose humble and devout servant she had been here on earth, and now she is, I feel sure, in the

full enjoyment of the reward, which is promised to all who do good for Jesus' sake.

Miss Vicar's conduct, by some means or other, became known to Mr. Wentworth, and she was left, and justly so, to the stings of her own conscience, he declaring, "That he would make no woman his wife, who would be guilty of thus deliberately injuring a fellow creature."

Will you not, my dear girls, let this short tale warn you of the danger of repeating anything falsely, you can by so doing merit nothing but the contempt of your fellow creatures; but what is that in comparison with the just anger of God? What will be the feelings of a liar when on her or his death bed, the recollection of such a habit is brought fresh to their memories? Clever lies, little lies, or white lies as they are called, will then look like what they really are: sins against the God of truth—sins which he has forbidden, and which he will surely punish.

The best lie that ever was invented, even if it delivered you from the greatest punishment that a fellow creature could inflict, will afford no satisfaction to remember, when the tongue that uttered it is stiffening with death, nothing then will give a moment's comfort. Oh! remember this if ever you are tempted to repeat what you know to be false, you may succeed for a while in injuring another, but it will be registered against you above, and sooner or later will bring you under the just condemnation of that law which forbids us to "bear false witness against our neighbour."

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TENTH COMMANDMENT.

THE HISTORY OF THE

TENTH COMMANDMENT.

"Thou shalt not covet or desire other men's goods."

We have now come to the tenth and last commandment, in which we are forbidden to covet or desire anything that belongs to another. How often has this sinful desire led to theft and murder? When once it takes possession of the mind, it leads to endless wants—nothing can satisfy its insatiable cravings—and seldom falls in the end of leading any person who indulges in it to crime and misery. Now let me illustrate this to you by a short sketch in the life of a servant girl of mine own, who lived with me some twenty-four years since.

Mary Eldred was a girl of seventeen, when she entered my service to assist in the capacity of under nursery maid. Her mother was a widow, and had three younger children, all depending on her for support. Mary was exceedingly pretty and, unfortunately, she knew it, consequently her vanity was the first evil with which we had to contend—a great portion of her time, which ought to have been devoted to my children, was spent at her looking glass; and she was very annoyed at not being allowed to spend her wages in ribbons, beads, and tawdry finery, which I would by no means allow. Now, here I would pause, to remark upon the foolishness of some girls who, instead of saving their wages for useful purposes, expend them on useless finery—it is useless, because it does not answer any purpose for which it can be intended. If, for instance, a servant wishes to appear like a lady, she will be disappointed, for "something more is wanting to complete that character than fine clothes." By going out of our station we become objects of contempt—not by remaining in it, be that station ever so humble. Dressy girls are not aware how vulgar they

look when they are decked out with flowers, feathers, brooches, ear-rings and neck-laces; no lady cares to hire such a one, because she naturally supposes that much time and money must be spent in acquiring such; and that she who is extravagant in her own concerns, would not be very likely to be frugal with her mistress'. How many a hard working mother or sick father might be relieved by the sums spent in this manner by their vain and foolish girls who, after all, seldom possess a comfortable under garment, or warm stockings, to protect them from the cold. Thus it was with Mary; but, fortunately for her, she had a very sensible mother, who would excuse no such folly in her daughter. Mary had most beautiful hair, but she could not endure to have it confined under the neat and tasty cap always worn by English servants. She was scrupulously clean and tidy, for she loved cleanliness for its own sake; but even this soured her temper, because, if the little ones rumpled her clean apron, or the baby's hands soiled her cap ribbon, she would give way to fits of sulky temper, very disagreeable to be borne with; but, for the sake of her poor mother, I took great pains with her, and earnestly endeavored to root out her foolish propensities.

She had been with me about six months, when another little baby being added to my household, I was of necessity absent from my nursery for some weeks—I heard from my nurse that Mary had given her a great deal of trouble; and I was astonished one afternoon, as I sat at my window, to see her in the garden with the children, with her hair in long curls, a quantity of bright colored ribbon in her cap, and a dress on which was most unbecoming her station. I immediately summoned my upper nurse, to enquire into the reason of Mary's changed appearance, and was told that, since I had been laid aside, she had formed an intimacy with the housemaid of a lady, who had filled her head with such a love of fine dress, that it was leading her to covet things which her wages did not warrant her purchasing, and therefore she had foolishly contracted a debt of sixteen shillings, in order to enable her to purchase the dress which I now saw on her. I immediately sent for her mother, who was, as I well knew she would be, exceedingly angry with Mary, and insisted upon her hair being again

braided up under her cap, or she would cut it all off." Mary knew her mother would be obeyed, so, after a great deal of crying, and silly arguments on her side, to which Mrs. Eldred paid no attention, she did so; and a neat calico dress was substituted for the flimsy fabric which she had been wearing. Although after this Mary did not fly into open rebellion, it was very plain to see that the sin of coveting any article of dress, finer or better than her own, was still the ruling passion of her nature; but she had no opportunity of gratifying her silly taste, as, according to her mother's express desire, I bought her clothes myself, which I took care should be neat and comfortable, and suitable to her wants rather than her wishes.

But very soon I had far more serious trouble than any Mary was likely to give. The scarlet fever being very prevalent in the town, four of my children were attacked with it, and I must give Mary the credit to say, that she for once forgot her personal appearance, in her earnest endeavors to assist me in this trial. Ten days of intense anxiety passed, and three of the little sufferers were released from pain, twenty-four hours only elapsing from the death of the first, when the two others joined their brother in that bright sphere, where they now form a part of that happy band of children, of whom you sing here every Sabbath afternoon, as those, "whose sins are all forgiven," and, "who stand around our Saviour's throne."

When I went into my nursery and saw the three little coffins stand side by side, I thought that I could never be happy again; I could scarcely be persuaded to hear one word of comfort, and thought my good nurse cruel and heartless, when she told me, "that, perhaps, the time was not very far distant, when I should thank God for taking them." I know now how sinful I was—how selfish was my grief—for was not my loss their eternal gain? but I rebelled against the fiat which had rendered my home so desolate, for my twins had died some two years before. But my cup of sorrow was not yet drunk to the dregs, for the sods were scarcely placed on the grave, ere it was opened to receive the remains of my infant: thus, in a few short days the grave closed over my darlings, and I had but one left. How my heart clung to him you may well believe, and how earnestly I prayed that God would spare me

this one. He granted my prayer then; my dear boy was spared, but, only to be killed by a wicked blow given him at school, when he had nearly attained his fifteenth year. See, my dear girls, what poor judges we are of what is good for us; what would have been his death then, compared with the bitterness of that stroke? I parted from my dear boy at one o'clock in health and spirits, and at three I received his corpse: Oh! the anguish and bitterness of that hour, no one can describe—it must be felt. Could I have looked into the future when rebelling against God's will, how should I have shrank from enduring all this misery. But God has taught me how sinful I was; and I feel humbled with shame, when I think how my rebellious spirit fought against that Divine decree which deprived me of all the little loving faces at one blow. What could I ever have done for them, compared with that exceeding weight of glory which they were so early called upon to enjoy? They are, indeed, happy!

Where circling seraphims rejoice
In great Jehovah's praise,
My darlings all unite their voice
In loud and rapturous lays.

I can only now look back with deep penitence on my sinful repinings, and pray:

Oh, gracious God, bow down thine ear,
And grant me my request;
Oh, heavenly Father, hear my prayer—
Let me with them be blest.

You will be anxious to hear what became of Mary. She was, poor girl, after the death of the children, herself attacked with the fever; being strong and healthy, she recovered; but with the loss of all her beautiful hair, which had to be cut off during her delirium. Of course I had now no further occasion for her services, but she caught the fever attending on my children. I therefore felt that she deserved a mother's care from me; but after her recovery she became so petulant and disagreeable, constantly mourning the loss of her hair, instead of being grateful for the life spared, when she was in the very midst of death, that I thought it best to send her to her mother. I was absent some time at the sea side, in consequence of my little boy's health, which was much impaired

by the fever, and during that time Mary obtained a place in the city of N—, the very worst situation she could have been placed in, as the mistress took little heed of the characters of her servants, provided their work was done. It was all eye service with her domestics; they cared little how their duties were performed, as long as they escaped a scolding—to have them done, not to have them done properly, was their motto. No restriction was laid on their manner of dressing, so Mary was exposed to every temptation which could lead to the indulgence of her besetting sin. She soon fell into her old habits, there being no kindly warning to restrain her, and many a pound was foolishly spent upon useless baubles, which would have insured a comfortable meal to her needy sister and brothers.

Her passion for finery led her to covet what she had no means of purchasing, therefore I was not much surprised to hear, upon my return home, that she was in prison awaiting her trial for theft. It appeared that her mistress had missed some very valuable jewels, and they had been found in Mary's box, who had no excuse to offer, except that she had only borrowed them, and had intended to put them back; she pleaded hard for mercy, but her mistress, too indignant to listen to her pleadings, placed her in the hands of a policeman, who hurried her to prison, there to await her trial. Her poor mother was almost broken hearted, and earnestly besought me to go and speak for Mary at her trial. As I had never seen any tendency to dishonesty in her, whilst she lived with me, I readily promised to do so. Her trial took place, but in consideration of her previous good character, she was sentenced to only three months' imprisonment. The look of shame and agony depicted on poor Mary's face, as the judge passed sentence, was most pitiful to behold; and I was almost sinful enough to wish it passed on her careless mistress, who had taken no pains to guard Mary from the temptation, which her own slothful habits left open to her servants.

Time passed away, as time will do, with the miserable as well as the happy, and Mary returned to her mother. I had interested myself with the ladies of the town, to procure her needle work, and as she seemed very penitent, a great deal of

kindness was shown her, and she got plenty of employment. About a year after this, Mary was married to a very respectable mechanic, and we all hoped that she was in a measure cured of her folly; but as soon as the ever watchful eye of her mother was removed, Mary began to show symptoms that the evil was very far from being eradicated. For some time after their marriage John Benson would bring home his wages, and give them to Mary to provide for the wants of the household, but he very soon found that a great deal more was spent than what was warranted by the comforts he received. Now, Mary's cottage was neatly furnished with everything necessary for her comfort, but she coveted articles which were very much out of place in her home, and for which she had no occasion. This caused, as you may readily believe, much misery between Benson and his wife, and endless were the disputes in consequence. Benson was a steady, hard working, honest man, willing to give his young wife every comfort necessary for her, but he could not patiently brook seeing his hard earnings frittered away in useless luxuries for which there was no need, and which he scarcely knew the use of, and himself deprived of comforts, which his wages fully justified him in procuring.

I took a great deal of interest in Mary, and used to visit her frequently, in order to warn her against the sin she indulged in; but she was not naturally of a contented nature, and always wanted to have things better than her neighbors: one want created another, till a fortune could not have satisfied her cravings. I could not persuade Mary how sinful she was—she did not deem it dishonest to spend her husband's wages in beautifying her person or cottage, or give one thought to the comforts they might procure against the day of sickness; so Mary went her own way till—you will not I am sure be surprised to hear that—her folly worked her complete ruin.

A lady driving out one day, was thrown from her carriage, so close to Mary's cottage that she was taken in there until a doctor could be sent for. As this lady resided some ten miles from the place where the accident happened, the doctor would not hear of her removal, as she had severely fractured one of her arms, besides other serious injuries. Everything was

procured that could add to her comfort, and Mary, with her mother's assistance, nursed her kindly and tenderly. She remained there a month, and when she left, her husband made Mary a very handsome remuneration for her trouble.

A few days after she had left, I received a note from this lady, in which she lamented the loss of a very handsome locket and chain, which being a family relic she was extremely annoyed at losing. She expressed her conviction that she had had it on at the time of the accident, and requested me in the most courteous manner, to walk over to Mary's cottage and see if it had been left there, adding "that supposing it was in her trunk with the other articles of apparel, she never thought of looking in, on the morning of her departure."

The moment I read this letter, I felt sure Mary was the culprit; however, I walked over immediately and read Mrs. Vincent's letter to her. She turned very pale but positively denied her guilt, and seemed very indignant at being suspected; but she did not look like an innocent person; there was too much temper displayed in her protestations of innocence. I insisted upon being allowed to examine her drawers and boxes, which she resolutely refused, but upon my threatening her with a search-warrant, she at last consented to. Nothing, however, was found, except a night dress which I knew to be Mrs. Vincent's, because I had frequently seen it on her during her illness. This, however, Mary declared Mrs. Vincent had given her, and as I had received no authority to look for anything but the jewels, I did not consider myself justified in taking it, although it strengthened my suspicions as to her guilt about the more valuable articles.

I wrote to Mrs. Vincent informing her of the non-success of my errand, and thought it right to mention the affair of the night-dress. The next day a search warrant was issued by Mr. Vincent, as his wife was confident she had these jewels on at the time of the accident. However, nothing was found to criminate Mary, and here the matter dropped. I would not be so easily satisfied myself; Mary's conduct was too bold and confident to please me; any one accused of such a crime would have been overwhelmed with shame had they been innocent. I must say I had no faith in her innocence, although I had no

could

proof of her guilt. Her general demeanour condemned her in my eyes, and you will now see I was right in my suspicions. A few weeks after the affair had ceased to interest the gossip-loving porters of our town, the policeman, who had been on the watch ever since, discovered the missing articles at a pawn-broker's in the city of N——, and he immediately identified Mary as the person who had sold them to him. Mary's career of sin and folly was now brought to a crisis; had she given up these articles, Mr. Vincent, in consideration of her kind nursing of his wife, would never have prosecuted her; but now he had no alternative, and Mary was hurried from her pretty, comfortable cottage again to become the inmate of a prison.

Counsel was employed and everything done which could be consistently by all her friends, but the circumstances of trust in which Mrs. Vincent's illness had placed her, and her former conviction, operated so strongly on the mind of the Judge, that he sentenced her to fourteen years transportation.

I might lengthen out this tale by telling you of all her mother's and husband's agony, but such is not my intention; I merely want, in the sequel of this tale, to point out to you the danger all incur who indulge in the sin of coveting what they have no legitimate means of procuring—it is almost sure to end in ruin. We often read of murder being committed by people who, not being able to obtain the property of another by fair means, resort to force to compel them to yield,—thus taking the life God has given, and leading themselves to the scaffold. If we will not fight against our sinful propensities, and at God's footstool humbly pray to be delivered from temptation, we can expect nothing but to become the prey of our own evil dispositions.

We have now come to the conclusion of the consideration of the ten commandments, and earnestly do I trust that I have succeeded in interesting you so that you will lay these things to heart. These tales I hope will amuse as well as instruct you. They are not tales invented for the purpose; but all the characters are well known to me; some of them are living now; and while, on one hand, you see the certain end of evil courses, you will, on the other, discern all the benefit of good example. I take the sincerest interest in you all, and most earnestly do I

pray God that he will, in his infinite mercy, bless my humble endeavors to illustrate these his own commandments, and that he will bless you all with the rich knowledge of himself, and enable you so to restrain all your evil passions that you will fear to break one of the least of them, for in so doing you must remember our Saviour's declaration—

“That you are guilty of all!”

CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject. It is divided into two main sections, the first of which deals with the history of the subject, and the second with its present state. The first section is divided into three parts, the first of which deals with the history of the subject from its origin to the present time, and the second with the history of the subject from its origin to the present time. The second section is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the present state of the subject, and the second with the future of the subject.

The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the subject. It is divided into two main sections, the first of which deals with the history of the subject, and the second with its present state. The first section is divided into three parts, the first of which deals with the history of the subject from its origin to the present time, and the second with the history of the subject from its origin to the present time. The second section is divided into two parts, the first of which deals with the present state of the subject, and the second with the future of the subject.

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Scriptural Illustrations.

THE HISTORY OF THE

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—27TH CH. PROVERBS SOL., 1ST V.

I am now, at your request, about to commence a series of tales, intending to illustrate the various verses of Scripture as they may be chosen. The verse for our present consideration is, as you all know, taken from the Proverbs of Solomon, and it contains a most solemn injunction, whether you regard it in a worldly or spiritual sense. To put off till to-morrow what ought to be performed to-day, is, to say the least of it, a very foolish and often dangerous practice. Who is sure of to-morrow? Oh! that I could impress on your minds, my dear girls, the urgent necessity there is to seek God while He may be found; do not wait till you are older—you may never see the time when you will feel inclined to quit the service of Satan for that of Christ. You have so many warnings of the uncertainty of life daily and hourly before you, that you must have, in many instances, been convinced of the truth of the verse we are now about to consider. How often have you seen carried to the grave, one, who but a few days before was in the full enjoyment of health, and with as fair a prospect of long life before them as you now possess. You have also seen rich people suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, as well as the poor man raised to a state of comfort and happiness. All this shows how uncertain everything is in this transitory life; therefore, do to-day what you have to do, for to-morrow's sun may find you "sleeping the sleep which knows no waking."

I will now relate a short tale, which I trust will impress on your minds more fully the danger of procrastination. We are told that it is "the thief of time," and most assuredly all find it so who foolishly put off any duty which should have been performed to-day.

Frank Mildmay was a young man of very respectable parentage, and had received a better education than most young men in his station of life were in the habit of obtaining, and would doubtless have been an excellent scholar, but for his silly habit of postponing everything. His lessons were always behind hand, and more than half his holiday time was taken up in preparing tasks which could have been as easily learned the day before, for he was a boy of good abilities, and quickly committed anything to memory; on the plea of this, to-day's lessons were postponed until to-morrow, and consequently he seldom kept his place at the head of his class.

It would have been well for Frank if this habit, bad as it was, had only affected his school days; but it strengthened with his riper years, as all faults will, when not checked in the bud. When Frank was seventeen, his parents apprenticed him to a carpenter and builder, and as he was a very good natured, obliging fellow, he became a great favorite with his master, who, though often seriously annoyed by Frank's bad habit of procrastination, never took any pains to correct him for it, except with a few sharp reproofs and a threat of punishment, which was never carried into execution. Frank soon got used to this, and the consequence was, he remained as careless as ever. I could, if I had time, relate a great many instances of Frank's folly in this respect during his apprenticeship; but one will suffice to convince you how much inconvenience and even danger may be incurred by this inexcusable habit of procrastination.

A farmer called on Frank's master one morning on his way to market, and requested him to send one of his young men to assist in propping the floor of his barn, which, owing to the weight of hay, seemed to be in danger of falling. Frank being just then at hand, was told by his master to fetch his tools and go immediately, as he had business some miles away. Frank went into the shop to get his tools, but thinking, as usual, that an hour hence would be soon enough, determined to finish some work which, being promised, his master had supposed completed yesterday, and he expected every minute that it would be sent for. Frank had scarcely completed the job, when one of the farm servants came to know the reason of his delay. He went

then, but it was too late; the floor had given way, two valuable horses had been killed, and one of the hired men had with difficulty escaped with his life—having had his leg severely fractured by the pressure of one of the beams. Frank's services were then of no avail—the mischief which could have been averted but for his procrastinating carelessness, could not be amended by his present alacrity; one-half of it given at the right time would have prevented all the mischief which accrued. It is impossible to neglect our duties with impunity; however lightly we may at the time think upon them, there always comes a time, and too often when we least expect it, when we are made to feel most bitterly how much of our present misery is caused by our past neglect.

Frank's master was, as you may suppose, exceedingly angry with him this time; he had overlooked many instances of his conduct in this respect, merely because the results had not been detrimental to himself, but now he found that he lost a great deal of his custom, because his apprentices could not be depended upon. But as he had taken no pains to correct Frank of this fault, he ought not to have acted so unjustly as to dismiss him before his term of apprenticeship was ended; but he did so, and Frank returned to his parents without any desire to amend this fault, which had become almost second nature.

Frank had an only sister, of whom he was passionately fond; she was so many years younger than himself, that she had always been a pet and playing, and he would do anything to please her. She was a very delicate child, owing to an accident which had injured her spine when a baby. Frank had made her a nice little cart, which she could propel along when seated in it, and many hours she spent in the lanes and fields, which must have been spent in the house had it not been for the thoughtful kindness of brother Frank. There was one spot Amy delighted in, and this was a beautiful grove; a wide stream of water divided it from the field, and the plank bridge which spanned it was of quite sufficient width to allow Amy's little cart to carry her safely over, and taking a book she would spend many a happy afternoon in her chosen solitude. Amy was very fond of her brother, and it pained her



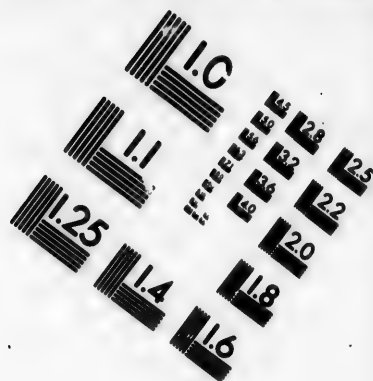
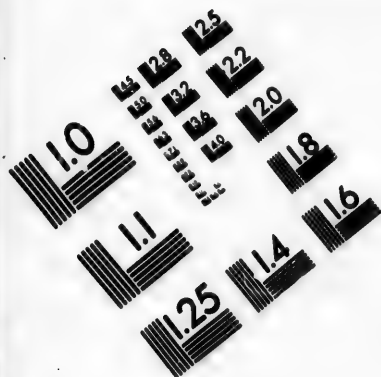
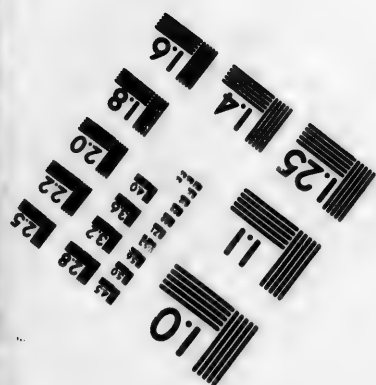
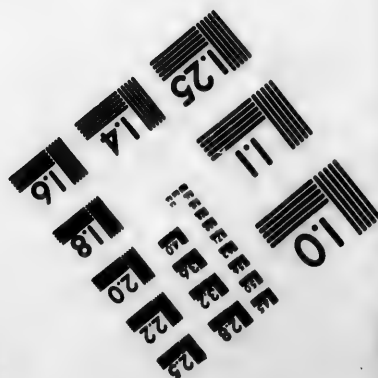
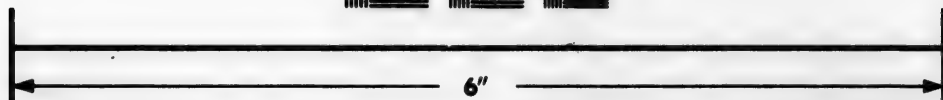
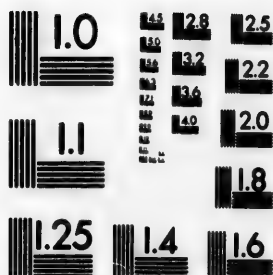


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affectionate little heart to hear him blamed for a fault she was too young to know the danger of.

Frank used to work for me frequently. He was very handy, and I liked him for his loving care of his crippled sister. Many were the lectures I used to read him on his besetting sin, and he always listened most respectfully to all I used to say, although I well knew that the impression would wear off almost as soon as he left me. I heard of an excellent situation for Frank about three miles from where I resided, and I was pleased to obtain it for him, although I felt it my duty to warn his master of his peculiar habit. Mr. Jones said "that if he was a good workman," (and no one could deny that,) "he would engage to keep him strict to his duties." So Frank was hired at liberal wages, and came to thank me for what he called "my generous interposition in his behalf."

As he left my house, I told him that before he started to his new place, I felt very anxious that he should examine the railing of the bridge over which his little sister went every day, as I had remarked, the last time I walked that way, that it was very unsteady. He promised me to see to it that very evening, and for once I felt sure he would keep his word, for I well knew that he would attend to anything likely to endanger his darling sister. Frank left, and I did not see any of the family for several weeks, owing to my absence from home; but heard upon my return that Amy had been very ill; so one beautiful afternoon I thought I would walk to the cottage and see her. As I wished to call on a lady, instead of going straight there, I went by the fields, so that I would reach Amy's cottage by the grove, and thought it even probable that I might find her in her favorite resting place, as she was well enough to be out I was told.

It was a lovely afternoon; the birds were singing, and the merry hum of the bees mingled with the gurgling of the rivulet which emptied itself into the stream I had to pass over in order to reach Amy's cottage. The thought struck me as I walked along, whether Frank had attended to my request about the railing of the bridge; and some strange presentiment seemed to take possession of me, which I vainly endeavoured to shake off. I could not account for the feeling. I was in my usual

health and spirits, and everything around me was teeming with life and beauty. I sauntered slowly along under the trees, for the afternoon was very hot, and I felt unwilling to emerge from their grateful shade. I came at last in sight of the bridge, and the first thing I saw was that it was unprotected by any railing. Hastening on, I found to my horror, that the little cart in which Amy used to ride, was in the water, and when I stood upon the planks, I could plainly distinguish the little girl herself lying at the bottom of the stream. The cart had evidently run against the rail, which had given way under the pressure. It was the work of but a few minutes to draw Amy from her watery grave, for it was not deep, and almost any child could have got out, but Amy being a cripple, could not extricate herself, and consequently was drowned, for life must have been extinct some time ere I even reached the grove.

There was no person near, and I felt unwilling to leave the little corpse until some one could be sent to carry the sad news to the mother's cottage. Fortunately a boy passed just then, who was looking for some sheep, and it struck me in an instant that it was his carelessness which was partly the cause of the accident. The sheep had probably rushed over the bridge at the same time with Amy, precipitating her conveyance into the water, by tearing down the unsteady railing. I despatched the boy for help, which was soon sent, and Amy was borne home to her mother. Of course her agony was dreadful to witness, and she told me "that Frank was coming home the very next Saturday, having obtained a holiday for the express purpose of mending this railing," for he said, "he had no time to do it properly before he went, and he felt quite sure that it would not break down by that time," and probably it would not, if the sheep had not gone over it, but it was Frank's place to guard against any accident happening; but with his usual procrastinating carelessness, it was put off till a more convenient season, thus proving fatal to the darling sister, for whose life, I believe, he would willingly have given his own. Of what avail now were all his self-reproaches, his remorse, as he hung over the corpse of his darling. But even then I felt sure he would leave the grave with the curse still clinging to him; for he made altogether too light of a fault which had already

caused so much sorrow and pain, and instead of imputing the blame, which was justly his, he sought to lay as much as possible on the boy whose duty certainly was to have kept his sheep on the other side of the stream. It was, of course, after all, mere conjecture, the marks of their feet were by the bridge, and they were over the stream when I reached it, where they had no right to be if the boy had attended to his duty of watching them, instead of lying sleeping under the hedge. This was the amount of the evidence I gave at the inquest; but let the cause be what it might, the result was the death of the little girl; that truth was there in all its painful certainty.

Frank returned to his place soon after the funeral, and I heard very little more about him. Time passed away, and he became his own master, and returned to his native town to commence business for himself. He had married a very respectable young girl, who had been servant for years in his master's family, and she made me smile the very first time I saw her, by telling me "that the very day they married, Frank had actually to leave the minister waiting at the altar, whilst he ran to the shop to purchase the ring, he having intended buying it the day previous, but thinking there was plenty of time, put it off, till at last he went to the church without it."

Fortunately for Frank, his wife was a very pious young woman, and I felt sure she would try to turn his attention to something beyond the mere danger he incurred by his procrastinating habits in worldly matters. For, alas! Frank, like many others, thought there was plenty of time to think about religion; but oh! I ask you, are any of you too young to die? It would take me too long to tell of all his wife's struggles to bring him to the serious consideration of the more lasting things of eternity, but his habits were too deeply rooted to be easily erased, and he became quite angry at times when she would commence the subject. She was a very superior young woman, and having for many years attended the Sabbath School, the necessity of seeking God had taken deep root in her mind; and she most earnestly desired that her husband should, with herself, partake of the joy and peace of believing.

Frank was exceedingly kind to his wife, and willingly granted her every indulgence his means would allow of; he was

very temperate, and shunned all bad company. This, he thought, was quite sufficient claim to Heaven, like the vain Pharisee who thanked God "that he was not as other men were." Frank was self-rigeteous, and prided himself upon his freedom from all great sins, his generous actions, etc., thinking, alas! as too many do, that his own good deeds were all sufficient to ensure an entrance into the kingdom of Heaven.

Frank Mildmay, I am grieved to be obliged to tell you, would not be persuaded of his fault, and as he grew older he grew more careless, until he was suddenly brought to conviction by an accident which cost him his life. Then he would have gladly given all his earthly possessions to have been able to recall his wasted time; maddened by pain and remorse, his sick bed was an awful lesson on the sin of procrastination. He only learned when it was too late, the worth of the blessing by its loss; time to him now would have been what is said to have been to Queen Elizabeth, when, on her death-bed, she exclaimed, "Oh! time! time! a world of wealth for an inch of time!" Oh! my dear pupils, be warned whilst time is yet yours. Seek God while He may be found, for the night cometh when no man can work.

I was with poor Frank all the night before he died, his fevered hand grew cold in mine as I prayed with him through these solemn hours, which were so soon to close on him forever. How painfully was the verse verified in his case, that we may not "boast of to-morrow." He went forth to his work in the morning, blithe as a lark, with no cares on his mind, neglecting, as was his usual custom, to ask God's blessing on his lawful occupation, and in a short time was struck to the earth by the fall of the building on which he was engaged. Three short days were alone left him to make his peace with God, and as I closed his eyes I could only think of the lines which seemed to me so painfully exemplified in his case,—

"Time was,—is past,—thou canst not it recall;
Time is,—thou hast,—improve the portion small;
Time future is not, nor may ever be;
Time present is the only time for thee."

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that sent him."

PROV. OF SOL., XXV., 12.

I have chosen this verse for our consideration this afternoon, because it bears considerably on the subject we discussed last Sunday. I wish much to impress on your minds the necessity of being faithful to any trust reposed in you, whether it taxes your generosity, honor, or simply your memory. God intrusts us all with talents, to some he gives wealth, to others health, to others plenty of time to spend in doing good, and all these he will require at our hands. Memory is another talent which all young people would do well to cultivate. How often do we hear the words, "Oh! I forgot," and how often have the most serious consequences been the result. Young people have so few cares, they are provided by their parents with necessary food and clothing, is it not then preposterous to hear them, when they come to their Sabbath school, allege as an excuse for the non-performance of their duties, "that they had forgotten." This carelessness is the cause also of the losses we sustain in our Sunday school libraries—"I forgot to bring it, or I forgot where I laid it," being the frequent excuse, till at last the book is lost altogether. I wish I could impress on your minds the privileges you enjoy by the loan of these books. If I could make you think of it as a real good bestowed on you, you would be more careful, and the loss to our schools would be but trifling. Another thing, every one should endeavor to deliver carefully any message intrusted to them, much serious mischief has often been the result of the contrary. The tale I am now about to relate will, I trust, convince you that you cannot attach undue importance to this subject.

Clara Vincent was a young girl who used to visit a great deal at our house; as she had no mother, she was more with us than any other young lady in the town. She was very good natured and kind, but the most careless girl about remembering anything that I ever saw. "O! I forgot, quite forgot all about it," were the words constantly used by her, till not one of us ever had the slightest confidence in her promises. So inveterate was this habit that she was generally looked upon as untruthful, yet she was not so, she had as great a horror of falsehood as any of her companions, and fully meant to keep her word when she promised, but she was careless of exercising her memory, consequently her word could not be depended upon, and you will hear what baneful influence it exercised over her future life. Having no mother to guide her, Clara was certainly very much to be pitied. Her father, immersed in business, could not be expected to see those faults which require the ever watchful eye of a mother. Clara had also been much petted and spoiled by the old nurse who had had the care of her from her birth, and who could not bear to hear her blamed by the very excellent person who was procured to teach her; so, unfortunately for Clara, she was left too often unrebuked for this serious fault in her character. I remember when I used to spend the day with her, she would constantly be running to ask the old nurse to find such and such a thing which we required for our play, Clara not being able to recollect where she had left it; our enjoyment would be marred by this, as half our day would be spent looking for articles which she had first misplaced, and then quite forgotten. It would have been well for her had she been required to find the articles she had lost, but her old nurse was always ready to wait on her darling, till Clara thought there could be no occasion to think for herself. Her governess used to talk very seriously to her pupil upon this subject, for, said that excellent woman, "A life might be lost, through your inveterate habit of careless inattention to what you promise." Alas! how little did Clara then think that her governess' warning would not only be fulfilled to the very letter, but that it would be a life long cause of misery to her and one connected with her.

It was when Clara had attained her sixteenth year, that the

clergyman who succeeded the one who had been minister ever since we were children, commenced to establish Sunday schools in his parish, and Clara, who really was a very clever girl, had a class assigned her; she was very much attached to her pupils, and they would have been to her, I feel sure, but for the bad habit which I am sorry to say had only increased with her riper years. I had been married and away from home for some time, but was spending a few weeks with my mother when, on Sunday morning, I accompanied my eldest sister to school before the morning service. I wished much to see Clara, but as she had not yet arrived, I sat down close by her class, and the following conversation soon convinced me of the truth of what I had heard, viz.: that her ruling fault was by no means lessened by her riper years.

"I am to have a new bible to-day," exclaimed one of the little girls, whose bright eyes sparkled with delight at the anticipated gift. "Who told you so?" enquired one of her companions. "Miss Vincent said so last Sunday," replied the child, "because I learned all those extra verses." At this almost all the class burst out laughing, and one of the elder girls declared that she stood small chance of her bible, if she had only Miss Vincent's promise to depend on, for," she continued, "she has promised me one for this last six weeks, and mother seems to think I never deserved it. Miss Vincent is very good to make promises, but she never remembers to perform them; so it will be with your bible, now see if my words are not true." The conversation here abruptly terminated, as Clara approached her class. Only a few minutes were spent in asking after her health, etc., as I did not wish to interrupt her in her duties. I sat down, rather curious to hear what excuse she would make about the bible. Her usual plea, "Oh, my dear, I quite forgot all about it," was just repeated, when her eye caught mine, she blushed crimson, but tried to assume indifference as she sought to soothe the disappointment of the little girl, by telling her "that she might call at her home for it on the morrow."

Now, my dear girls, I want you just to pause here and consider how a fault like this persisted in, in reality becomes a sin. You see the effects of it in Miss Vincent's class. Her pupils

had not only no dependence on her word, but their parents were apt to think that the prizes promised and not given, were in reality not deserved. Now, here were two serious evils proceeding from one cause, and both parents and children injured by it; she never possessed the respect of her pupils because they considered the non-performance of her promises as untruthful; she also lost all influence over them, because if they pleaded forgetfulness of any duty she demanded, they thought it injustice to be punished for a fault of which she was so frequently guilty herself. It would be impossible for me to tell you of all the misery this young girl brought on herself, or I should lengthen this tale beyond the appointed limits. I will therefore hasten to the sequel as the consummation of the evil I wish to warn you all against.

At the age of twenty-one Clara was married to a very gentlemanly man, who had lately come to practice as a doctor in our town. He was many years older than Clara, and every one considered it an excellent match for her, as he would be likely to rule this hitherto unchecked girl. A very short time after the marriage Dr. Stanhope found what serious errors this fault of his wife's would cause her to fall into, and earnestly set to work to root out this evil. He never spoke an unkind word, he ruled her by love, but it was almost impossible to break her of a habit indulged in for so many years. The doctor was in despair, for frequently messages left with her, requiring his immediate attendance, were either altogether forgotten, or only remembered when some other medical man had been called in. He endeavored, in the most serious manner, to point out the injury she was doing him in his profession, and what fatal consequences might be the result of her carelessness. Clara, who was passionately fond of her husband, would promise better for the future, only to forget it on the very next occasion.

Clara became the mother of a sweet little boy, and Dr. Stanhope fondly hoped that the necessity of being ever watchful to all the wants of infancy would in time exert an influence over the young mother, so that the habit which caused him so much distress might be obliterated forever; but it pleased God that Clara should pass through a fiery ordeal before she gave herself up to the serious consideration of this great fault. One

morning during the doctor's absence, as Clara was walking in her garden, with her baby, now a lovely boy of six months, a poor man come through from the surgery and asked to see the doctor. His face was very pale, as he told Clara of the sudden illness of his little child "A boy," he said, "of the same age as the one she then held in her arms." She expressed great sympathy with the man's distress, and said, "she was sure the doctor would be in almost immediately, and she would send him." "You won't forget, madame," said the poor man as the tears rained down his face. Clara bid him hasten home to his child, with the promise of sending her husband directly he came in. My sister and myself were engaged to spend the day with her, and we arrived shortly after this, just as the doctor did, in time for luncheon. Clara was all smiles, the tale of sorrow had vanished from her memory, and she was delighted to show off her baby, and compare him with mine, who was just one week older. Oh! why did she not think of another little innocent, who, even at that moment, was in the death struggle with that fatal disease of croup? Dr. Stanhope, in perfect unconsciousness of having been sent for, watched with evident pride the young mother as she exhibited all the beauties of her first-born. At last he rose to go, saying, "he had many patients to visit," and laughingly expressed a hope "that we should have decided upon the respective merits of our babies before he returned home to dinner."

As he went into the hall for his hat, I saw a man come with all speed to the surgery door, and pointed him out to Clara, who, to my astonishment, turned so deadly pale that I feared she was going to faint. In a minute the doctor re-entered the room, and laying his hand on his wife's shoulder, asked whether the man's tale was true, that she had faithfully promised to send him some two hours since? Poor Mrs. Stanhope could only look the guilt she felt. "For your sake, Clara, I hope it is not too late," exclaimed the doctor, as he looked at her with a face in which grief and anger struggled for mastery. However, no time was lost then, the doctor hurried the man into his carriage and drove rapidly off, leaving us the not very pleasing task of listening to all Clara's vain repinings and self-reproaches. When the doctor returned, the

words "too late" were scarcely uttered, ere Clara fell forward in a fainting fit. It was long before she could be recovered from it, and then so deep was her remorse that reason trembled in the balance. I remained with her some time, and as I was nursing, performed, at the doctor's request, that duty for his boy, until the mother was in some degree recovered.

Clara never forgave herself that dreadful error; she heard from the doctor that timely assistance might have saved the dead baby. He wisely spared her nothing; he told her of the parents revillings of her as the cause of their misery, and of his own lacerated feelings, when he found upon his arrival that through the ignorance of the neighbors, nothing had been done to relieve the little sufferer, who was just gasping its last as he entered the room. This was a lesson Clara never forgot, it was long ere her husband could restore her to his love and confidence, and a severe mental illness was the consequence. But she arose from her bed a sadder, wiser woman. She sought help where alone it could be found, and at the throne of grace, humbly sued for pardon and strength to amend. As soon as she could go out her first visit was to the mother of the dead child, and there, at her feet, she so humbled herself, that the poor woman bade her rise, and go in peace, declaring "that she never now sorrowed for her babe, because she was enabled by God's grace to look on him, not as he had been here, but as he now was, a purified spirit in the realms of light, rejoicing in the presence of the blessed Saviour who had redeemed him with his own most precious blood, and had so beautifully declared, 'that of such was the kingdom of heaven.'"

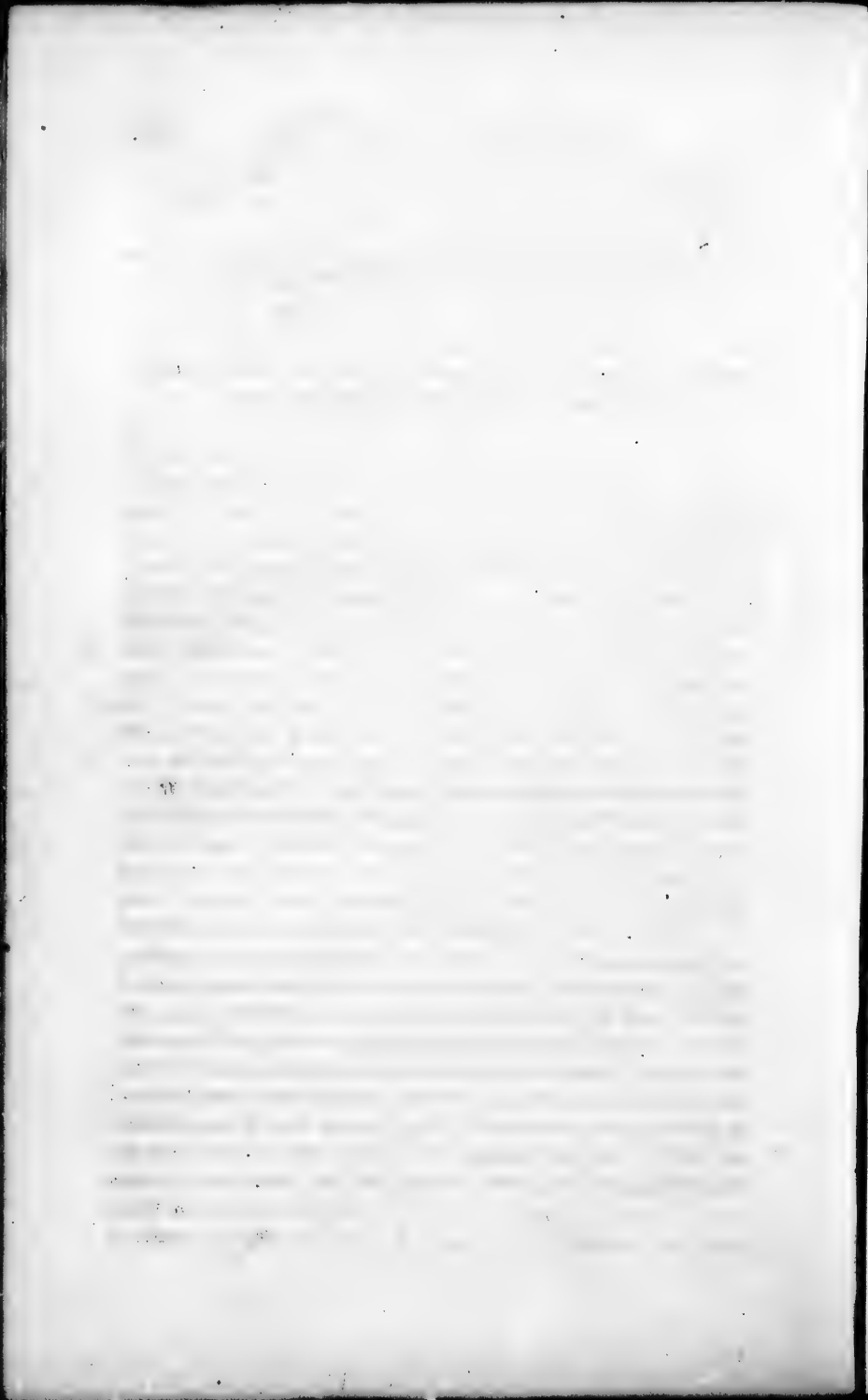
When I was in England, now four years since, I saw Mrs. Stanhope and her son. I could scarcely believe that the fine young man who drove his mother over to call on me, could be the baby I had nursed during that never-to-be-forgotten period of trial, which even at this distance of time makes Clara sad to think of, and never fails to send her at each succeeding anniversary, an humble penitent to the foot-stool of our compassionate Saviour, trusting in his gracious promise "That he will blot out our sins as a thick cloud, and remember our iniquities no more."

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SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Come unto me all ye that weary and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—ST. MATTHEW, xi, 28.

I have now come to the consideration of the last verse chosen, and it is indeed not only a most beautiful one, but what comfort can not you derive from it? Are you weary with trials and sin, borne down with the weight of your own guilt? Oh, hear this sweet invitation from our loving Saviour, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Rest, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, where on this earth can you find rest like this? rest unto your souls. How lovely was the example Christ set us during his ministry on earth, peace and good will to all! Should it not teach us to hush our turbulent passions, to subdue our evil desires that we may walk in His footsteps. If you carefully read his history as related by the four Evangelists, you will there see that in every instance where sin was brought before him how gently he spoke to the erring one, "Go, and sin no more." "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go in peace," were the gracious words he used to two women who were marked for their sinful course. Again he proclaims these gracious words, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Is it possible that any one can be indifferent to all the promises of pardon and peace which proceeded from His mouth, the mouth of Him who spake as never man spake before. Alas! how painful is the truth that thousands reject the offered mercy. Is it because it is offered without money and without price, that it is thus cast away as if a thing of nought? Let me beg of you, my dear pupils, to ponder well over the gracious invitation of our Saviour while I endeavour to show you what peace and happiness it brought to one I knew, who, passing

through the fiery furnace of affliction, accepted the beautiful invitation contained in the verses now under our consideration, and who died in the full and certain hope of attaining that peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

Not very far from the town in which I resided dwelt two sisters; they were both past the meridian of life when I first became acquainted with them. Their father had been once a very prosperous tradesman, but reverses after reverses had come upon him, till a mere wreck of his property was left for the maintenance of his widow and daughters. An only son had gone abroad some years before, in order, as he said, to push his fortune; this boy was perfectly idolized by his sisters, and they had not ceased to mourn his absence. One sister had been married very young, but being widowed within two years of her marriage she had returned home, and was, with her little girl, living with her mother and sister, when I first made her acquaintance. She had been recommended to me by a lady as a person who would be very glad to obtain needle-work, and I having, just at that time, an over-plus on hand, gladly took advantage of her wish to earn a trifle.

I was much pleased with the gentle manners of the two sisters, who willingly undertook to do my work for what I considered a very small remuneration. The poor mother was a dreadful sufferer from chronic rheumatism, which had entirely confined her to her bed for some years past. Pain rendered her peevish and discontented, but the dutiful daughters nursed her with untiring tenderness and patience, and when, at length, it pleased God to release her, regretted sincerely that their labour of love was ended. Mary and Susan, upon the death of their mother, removed into a small cottage not very far from where I lived. As they were very much respected they obtained as much needle work as they could do. Nothing could exceed the care they took of little Lucy, who was really a beautiful, interesting child; it would have been hard to pronounce which loved her best, her mother or her aunt. When she was about ten years of age, her mother called on me one afternoon and showed me a letter which she had just received from her brother, from whom they had not heard for years. He told them that

he was on his way back, and intended paying a visit to his old home.

Now there was something in the whole tenor of this letter which I did not like. I could not account for the feeling of distrust which seized me, for I had never seen him, and he was a mere lad when he left home. Mary talked long and eagerly of her delight in having her darling brother to live with them as a protector, and I listened attentively to her relation of all the good qualities he possessed. But Mary seemed quite to forget how many years had passed; that the boy was now a man, and might have become totally forgetful of all those good principles which had guided him when under the watchful eye of love; but I did not of course venture to express my opinion. It would have been cruel to crush all Mary's fond hopes, on the mere suspicion engendered by his letter.

A few weeks afterwards I heard that John Hastings had arrived, and I certainly wondered why Mary had not been over to tell me the good news, but supposing she was so overjoyed to see her brother, I thought I would go myself and inquire for some work I was just then much in need of. As I approached the cottage I was astonished by hearing loud screams from Lucy, whom I scarcely ever heard cry, for so gently had she been nurtured that tears were almost strangers to her eyes. I knocked several times ere I was heard, and then the door was opened by a tall, rough-looking young man, whose face was so disguised by a quantity of black beard that I could scarcely distinguish his features. Upon entering and inquiring for Mary, she came forward, and with tears in her eyes said, "This is my brother, Madam; and I am afraid you will be displeased at my keeping your work so long, but I have not felt well enough to finish it, but will do so as soon as possible." I expressed my willingness to wait a few days longer, and then turned to speak to her brother, who, to my astonishment, held out his dirty hand, and accosted me with the most insolent familiarity. Fearing to hurt poor Mary's feelings, I took no notice of this, but asked her, "What occasioned the cries of her little girl? for I feared she was hurt." Before she could answer me John Hastings declared, "That the little brat should be locked in the coal-cellar, for she screamed for nothing, only

because he had attempted to kiss her." I remarked, "That Lucy was so unaccustomed to see any one so rough, and suggested that if he shaved himself perhaps his little niece would be more reconciled to his caresses." He laughed loudly and insolently, and said, "That he did not intend indulging her in any of her fancies, and he would before long show both her and her mother who was master there." I turned to go, not wishing to prolong a scene which I knew poor Mary felt as so degrading, but it was with a heavy heart, for I already saw the shadow of shame and misery descending on their once peaceful home, and in the most painful shape, as coming from the hands of him whose absence had been mourned for years, and whose unexpected coming was hailed with such joyful anticipations. But to tell of all the wretchedness brought on the two sisters by this dissipated young man would take up more time than I could spare. It was sad to see the once clean and neat cottage disfigured by pipes and tobacco and all their disgusting appendages; the little round mahogany table, which had always been Susan's delight to have shine like a mirror, destroyed by the beer spilled on it. It seemed as if John actually took a savage delight in disgusting his sisters, by bringing as much mud as possible on his boots into the pretty little comfortable room where his sisters use to sit and work. This room was kept expressly for the accommodation of those ladies who employed them; birds and flowers added to its beauty, and proved the nice delicate taste of the sisters.

Poor little Lucy soon lost all the bright look which constituted her chief beauty; her eyes were now constantly swelled from crying, and the gloom of fear had settled on her once joyous little face. As long as John resorted to no actual violence it was difficult for the sisters to dislodge him. He had brought home plenty of money, which, to do him justice, he was very liberal with; he told his sisters "That it was prize money," but it was discovered afterwards that he had robbed his master, and made his escape by concealing himself on board a ship homeward bound.

A man like John, with plenty of money to spend, was not long in making friends (if the word can be so desecrated,) among the most profligate young men of our town; and many

a night did the poor sisters tremble with fear, as they listened to the wild orgies of these unprincipled fellows. But such a state of things could not be endured forever, and at last, by my advice, the sisters told him, "That if he did not alter his course of conduct that they would apply to the magistrates for protection. They asked no help from him—they were both able and willing to provide for themselves. They would gladly give him shelter if he would try to reform, but the sanctity of their home should no longer be invaded by his drunken companions. Already," Mary said, "several of the ladies who had so kindly assisted them begun to shun coming to a place where they were sure to meet with some kind of insolence from him. He had brought home nothing but wretchedness, and the time was now come when they felt that they owed to themselves a duty, which was, either to insist upon a different course of conduct, or his dismissal from their home." To the astonishment of the sisters, John bore this lecture in silence, and promised to behave better for the future. Mary was so rejoiced that she came over to tell me the good success of her effort. I had so little faith in John that I feared it was but a calm before a storm; but I could not find heart to damp Mary's sanguine spirit, for it was so pleasant to see a smile once more on her poor worn face, so I contented myself by warning her to be on her guard, and to treat her brother as though she believed his sincerity.

It was ten days after this, when my nurse, early one morning, came and told me before I was dressed that Mary was very anxious to see me. I immediately ordered her up stairs, when, with a burst of hysterical weeping, she told me, "That the night previous the window of their little work-room had been entered from without, and a large parcel of work, which they had only received the day before, been taken away. As it contained a great quantity of very valuable lace, it had doubtless been chosen on that account, as a great deal was left untouched." My suspicion immediately pointed to John, but Mary said, "He had been at home all night, and had not yet left his bed." This might blind the sister, but not me. Who knew of this parcel but himself? and how easy to come down stairs in the night when his sisters were sleeping the sound

sleep of peaceful innocence, and open the window, and make it appear that it had been done from without. Poor Mary was in despair; she saw the means of their support vanishing away, for who could trust them after this? then, what was worse than all, their good name was sullied, for suspicion would point the finger of scorn at them. I did all to comfort poor Mary that I could, by reminding her that the God whom she served would not desert her in this her hour of trial. I besought her to seek help now where she had always sought it before; it might be that this trial was necessary for her faith, but I begged her not to give way to despair. She seemed so fearful of mentioning the affair to her brother lest he should fancy that she suspected him, that I could not resist her earnest, tearful entreaties that I would myself come over and break the news to him—although I had such a horror of this young man ever since I read his letter, there was such a tone of vulgar, low cunning pervading the whole epistle, and his appearance and conduct since his arrival had fully borne out my suspicions. I was very interested in these sisters, and the more so because they were so attached to me, and I feel sure they would willingly have sacrificed anything, could they thereby have benefited me. I accordingly went over, and found John just coming down stairs to breakfast. I mentioned the affair to him as gently as possible, and for once he was as civil as his nature allowed him to be. He expressed great anger against the person or persons who had done this, and the poor, loving sisters seemed to forget all their trouble in the joy of John's innocence, for in spite of all their love for him a shade of fear had crossed their minds, although it was only whispered to themselves. I must say I was not quite so easily convinced of John's innocence, for I saw, unnoticed by his sisters, a sinister smile which I did not approve of. However, we could do nothing, and I advised the sisters to be guided by John's advice—to keep quiet about the matter.

As I was well acquainted with the lady to whom this work belonged, I called, and explaining matters to her, she agreed with me to take no notice of the loss, and the affair not being made public soon sunk into oblivion. Happy would it have been for all could it have remained so forever, but Lucy having occasion to go into her uncle's room one morning, found a

portion of the missing articles, and immediately informed her mother and aunt of the discovery. The horror-struck women were both in his room discussing the affair when he unexpectedly made his appearance.

Now that John saw that there was no need of further concealment, he burst forth into one of his fearful passions, the more violent for being so long suppressed. In vain his sisters endeavored to stem the torrent of his wrath; having drank freely he was in no mood to listen, and maddened by the fear depicted on Lucy's face as she tried to make her escape from the room, he struck her a blow, which, in her effort to avoid, made her miss her step, and precipitated her with great force into the room below. In the confusion which followed, John made his escape, and in a short time I was with the sorrowing sisters, awaiting the doctor's opinion as to the injury she had received. A painful one indeed—her spine was pronounced injured beyond the possibility of human aid.

The absence of John restored in a measure the peace of their cottage home; but poor Mary's trials seemed to accumulate, for her sister Susan sunk under the shame and pain inflicted by the hand of her brother. Her health, which had never been very good, gave way under the pressure of misfortune, and Mary was left with her crippled girl to bear all the burden of her increased trouble.

Nothing more was heard of John for some time, until one evening when reading the paper, I saw that one John Hastings was in prison, awaiting his trial for some aggravated murder of which he was supposed to be the perpetrator. I wondered if Mary knew this, and felt reluctant to tell her, for it seemed to me as if her burden was already too great for her to bear. Her dear darling child had been sinking rapidly for some time past, and her death was hourly expected; but this shameful one to which her brother would surely be condemned if convicted, would it not crush her down under its weight of guilt and terror? Of course, such an event was soon made public through the medium of the newspapers, and Mary received a letter from her brother requiring her presence. Poor woman, how my heart bled for her; to be asked to leave her dying child

to obey the call of her murderer, (for nothing less could he be styled) was almost too much, even for her endurance. She came to me, and in the extremity of her anguish, asked, "Whether it could be required of her to leave her child?" It was long before I could soothe her sufficiently to be able to convince her, that her presence and the example of the holy precepts by which her whole life had been guided, might be the means which God had chosen to make use of as instruments of his conversion. The poor creature, bowed down under the sense of the shame brought upon her, could only pray for the mercy which seemed to her withdrawn for so long a season. But the beautiful promise contained in the verse under our consideration bore its own fruit, by checking her grief and leading her to rest upon it.

Lucy was carefully removed from the cottage to my house, and I promised the heart-broken mother to watch over her child as tenderly as I would mine own, whilst she was forced to absent herself on her errand of mercy.

John's trial took place, and his guilt being proved beyond a doubt, he was condemned to execution. Death had always been a subject shunned by John, and now the dread knowledge that he must expiate his crime by such a fearful end drove him frantic, and it was impossible to get him to listen to the spiritual counsels of the minister, who was most faithful in his earnest endeavors to bring the unfortunate criminal to a sense of his danger. His sister Mary, strong in her love, remained with him to the last, although her poor heart was torn with agony at the knowledge of her dear child dying without her being able to see her once more. Dear little Lucy was fast sinking, but bore patiently the absence of her mother when she was told that she was trying to bring her uncle to such a state of mind as might prepare him to meet his God. I hoped that she might be spared to kiss her loved mother once more, but it was not to be. The poor little girl's sufferings had been so severe that her small remnant of strength could not last even that short time. A few hours of painful struggling, which I was thankful her mother did not witness, ended the scene, and heaven to Lucy was all in all.

Four days after her death, John Hastings expiated his crime on the scaffold; hardened to the last, he would not consider his punishment just, because he had committed the crime in a moment of passion—its not being premeditated prevented it in his eyes from coming under the appellation of murder. Surely he forgot that Cain, the first murderer, had killed his brother in a moment of passion, for we are told "That Cain was very wroth." That was no excuse in the eyes of God; he was branded as a murderer, because he had spilled the blood of his brother.

Mary returned from the burial of her brother, to be present at that of her darling child. Oh! what a weight of grief that poor heart bore, but it did not break. Her dear Saviour's blessed invitation sunk deep into Mary's heart, and she resisted not his gentle command, "To cast all her burden on him." She had now seen the cold grave close over all that she loved and cherished on this earth; for her sister and child she could feel nothing but certainty of their happiness. But her brother—her dear, darling brother, whom she had so loved, whose memory had been so fondly treasured through all his weary years of exile, whose faults had been kindly and gently borne with, whose deep humiliation of position she had done her best to soothe, and whose departing hours she had watched with untiring devotedness and zeal—for him her soul was filled with the deepest anguish, for one horrid thought filled her breast—

"She deemed his parted spirit was not blest."

It was only in these moments that Mary's faith and hope seemed shaken, and she would clasp her hands in convulsive agony, as she in voiceless prayer, vainly wrestled with her deep despair.

Mary survived only a few months the last sad event of her life; consumption had marked her for its own, and she gradually sunk beneath its power. I attended on her sick bed for weeks, and thanks be to God who enabled me to do so with all my many cares. But Mary's death bed was a scene well calculated to instruct and improve any person, so strong was her faith in the gospel promise. I was with her in that awful hour of mingled hope and fear, when her soul took its disembodied flight. Peace had descended on her heart again, after hours

of struggling with the tempter's power. Many a text from the Holy Book had I read to her that night, but not one could brighten the eye and cause the lips to smile equal to that which I, at her request, repeated as the breath faintly departed—
"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

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SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."—ST. MATTHEW, xix, 6.

This verse, which is a continuation of our Saviour's sermon on the mount, and the exhortation contained in it, is well worthy the serious consideration of all those who peruse it. Can anything be more beautiful than the precepts contained in this discourse; or more chaste and simple the language in which they are clothed? Christ here says, "lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth," and then he gives you this good reason, "because moth and rust doth corrupt, and it is liable to fall into the hands of thieves." He then proceeds to advise that you lay up treasure in heaven, where nothing can disturb it, or no person rob you of it. Now, which of you would be so careless as to place anything you valued in such a position, as to involve the almost certainty of its being stolen? or if you did so, would you have a right to demand either sympathy or pity for a misfortune which your own carelessness had brought upon you? and yet, do we not daily see the mass of mankind seeking diligently for the gold which perisheth, and totally neglecting, in their eager search after it, to lay up that treasure which is to constitute their eternal gain. What does Solomon say? "What will riches profit a man in the day of wrath? He that trusteth in them shall fall." And again, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." Do you not think that the blessing of those who were ready to perish, whom you snatched from despair and misery, will give you more comfort on your death bed, than if you could, by a stroke of your pen, leave thousands upon thousands to your posterity? However, as I in a former

tale spoke of the folly of trusting in riches, and proved to you that if rightly used, they were capable of doing much good, I will now try to convince you how little comfort they are capable of giving in that hour which, sooner or later, must come to all; that hour in which the treasure laid up on earth is taken away, and leaves you without one plea for mercy.

Mr. John Tillett was a man who would have felt himself highly insulted if called by any other title than that of a gentleman. He lived not more than a mile and a half out of the town where I resided. The house itself, and grounds around it were capable of being made exceedingly pretty had any one taken the least pains to do so; but Mr. John Tillett was, in the true sense of the word, a miser. He loved his gold for its own sake, and not for any good which it might enable him to do with it; that was an idea too ridiculous to be entertained for a moment; to relieve any distress by either a loan or a gift, I feel sure never entered into his calculations. He was not likely to give comfort, which, to do him justice, he denied himself, for he spent no more than was absolutely necessary to keep body and soul together. He could get no person to stay with him for any length of time, because he grudged the means of their subsistence. He had accumulated large sums of money by advancing it on mortgages, and demanding usurious interest, and then foreclosing without mercy as soon as they fell due. He showed mercy to no man where money came in question. "His treasure was," as our Saviour declares, "on earth, and there was his heart also."

He had an only sister, who lived some five miles distant from him; this poor girl had incurred his anger by uniting herself with a man who possessed no other means than his own industry, a thing altogether contemptible in his eyes, and I believe he took a savage delight in witnessing her struggles with poverty, when, after a few years of peaceful contentment with their lot, her kind husband left her, to enjoy the more lasting happiness of the world beyond the tomb.

She made but one appeal to her brother, nothing but the sickness of her children would have tempted her to have done so, but the poor mother could not see her babes perish before her eyes, although she herself would suffer alone and

unaided. This was a great triumph for Mr. Tillett, to have his sister sue for a portion of the wealth which she affected to despise as being all necessary to insure happiness. How often had she told him, "That she was far happier in her poverty, than he was with all his wealth, for he could not expect God's blessing on riches wrung from the bitter necessities of others."

How he laughed her to scorn as she begged a small pittance from his store to keep her little ones from starving. "What to him if they all died? Let her ask help of the unseen God in whom she trusted, and not in the visible wealth she despised! a single sixpence of which should never leave his purse to save her or her beggar brats from the work house." Now, my dear girls, let me ask, do you suppose Mr. Tillett had ever read that verse in St. John's epistle, in which he speaks so much of our bounden duty to love one another, and after having told us how we perceive the love of God, inasmuch as he laid down his life for us, he continues, "But whoso hath this world's goods and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" But I am sure you will believe that he cared little for the love of God, doubtless, like the rich man in our Saviour's parable, his whole soul was absorbed in the goods which he had laid up, the treasure he had accumulated; he might say to his soul, "take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry," for he cast not a thought on the God who could say, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Mr. Tillett was seized with severe sickness not very long after he had thus sent his sister "empty away," and it was with some difficulty that any person could be procured who was willing to go and take care of his house and attend on himself. At last a widow woman of the name of Rose, who was not in needy circumstances, consented for an annual sum and board wages, to be his housekeeper, and after a great many efforts on his part to reduce her salary to the lowest fraction, a settlement was made, and Mrs. Rose proceeded to render the house as comfortable as a liberal supply of soap and water could make it. Although Mr. Tillett possessed chests of linen, etc., he would not allow any to be taken out for his housekeeper's comfort; he would not go one fraction beyond his bargain, and she was forced to submit. It

was a mystery to me how she could live with such a disagreeable man, for I do not think he ever spoke a kind or civil word to any one; but that was her own business; whether she expected to inherit his carefully hoarded wealth, was only a surmise, for she scarcely ever mentioned his name when she came to see me, which she did occasionally for the purpose of getting me to write letters to her son who was abroad.

Mrs. Rose remained with Mr. Tillett for six years, much to the surprise of many, and in spite of the various prognostications to the contrary. But Mrs. Rose was a quiet person and never interfered with her master's peculiarities, and as she cooked what he bought for himself without remonstrance or demur, I suppose he thought it best to let well alone.

be I could not tell you all the cruel usages inflicted by this man, to add to his store of wealth; how many widows and orphans were defrauded, and their whole property swallowed up by him in the same rapacious manner in which some animals devour their prey. He was never known to give one sixpence to any charitable institution, or to the means of dispensing bounty to the suffering poor.

But nothing caused him such joy as to pass by his sister's cottage and see her plying her needle to find bread for her boys. Her pale face and emaciated form was his greatest source of gratification, and rendered doubly so by the knowledge of his power to place her in competence; but she had dared to despise his wealth and he would make her suffer for it. Yet did never a thought of his joyless, lonely life cross the mind of this solitary man as he looked at the rosy faces of his nephews? Poverty could not disguise their stalwart limbs, or hide the glow of health which shone on every feature; did he never fancy what his life might have been had the merry voices of children echoed through his house? If he did he made no sign, but hardened his heart against his natural kin, and rejoiced in their adversity.

Are you not shocked at such depravity? Can you fancy a brother condemning his only sister and her children to poverty, while he was steeped to the throat in riches? But did he not hurt his own soul more than he injured those he sought to per-

secute? Hear what Solomon says, "The treasures of wickedness profit nothing, but righteousness delivereth from death. The lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish, but he casteth away the substance of the wicked."

Now you will see how the truth of this was fulfilled in Mr. Tillett's case. One night I was sitting up with one of my little children, who was very ill, when that sound rung out on the midnight air, which is always so painful to hear—"Fire, fire." The bells tolled quickly, and in a few minutes the glare of fire illumined all around. It was some time before I could ascertain where it was, but at last could distinctly hear the people who had been roused from their beds crying, "That it was only Tillett's barns, let them burn." "The fire may as well consume the grain as the rats," another would say, "for not any of it will ever feed a hungry mouth." And they laughed long and loud as they sought the shelter of their own beds, caring very little for the misfortune which was greedily destroying the property of a man who was so detested. The fire raged for hours, the barns full of wheat, granaries full of grain, and large stacks of hay all fell before the devouring element. No one seemed to care, no pity was expressed, no help given; so the fire was suffered to work its will, and desolate indeed was the scene which the morning light showed—the blackness of desolation, where yesterday all had been full and plentiful.

It was supposed that Mr. Tillett caught a violent cold that night, which, added to his despair, brought on a very serious illness. It was long before he would consent to see a medical man, as he declared that he would not be robbed by them. His disease increased with frightful rapidity, and he was urged to make his will, but the least mention of that was sufficient to throw him into a paroxysm of passion. His violent ravings were so frightful to listen to, that Mrs. Rose declared "that she would not stay alone with him for three times her salary," and sent for her sister, an elderly maiden, to come and remain with her.

Was not this man now reaping the fruit of the seed he had sown? Conscience, which for years he had stifled, now maddened him, it was sharper than a two-edged sword; he tried to shake it off, as he had done before, but it would not depart, he

was now afraid to be alone, he felt in all its bitterness the truth of that fearful denunciation, "Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Mrs. Rose was almost worn out with watching and fear, and sent up to our house late one night with the request that my husband would go and stay a few hours, as Mr. Tillett was so violent that the poor women were really too frightened to stay. When arrived Mr Tillett was raving frightfully, and begging them to lift the money bags from off his breast, which he declared were weighing him down with their load. His fancies were dreadful, and if they attempted to leave him, he would frighten the poor creatures by declaring, "that his ghost should haunt them forever." I am sure you can fancy what it was for these two timid women to be alone at midnight, in a lonely house, listening to the dying ravings of this wicked man; it was enough to have turned their brain. In his delirium all his wealth seemed to be crushing him, smothering him under its burning weight. The curses of the widows and orphans were ringing in his ears. What a scene! does it not horrify you to listen to it. What, then, must have been the sensations of those who witnessed it. Of what profit was it to him now to know that he had laid up treasure upon earth, he had gathered up riches and who was to spend them, his sister would now inherit all in spite of his wishes. Would she not rejoice in his death, and scatter the wealth he had sold his soul to obtain? Then he would call for pen and paper that he might even then prevent her benefitting by his death; but the hand refused to obey, the pen fell from his powerless grasp, and he knew there was none to prevent her from taking possession of his ill-gotten wealth.

Oh! that all those who love the fleeting riches of this world could have stood by that bed side. What a terrible lesson would it not have taught? Alas, how much of the gold and silver of this world is obtained by fraud, injustice and oppression. Read what St. James says, "Go to now, ye rich man, weep and howl, for your miseries that shall come upon you.

Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be as a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Behold the hire of the labourers who have reaped down your fields which is of you kept back by fraud crieth, and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabbath."

Mr. Tillett remained in this frightful state till the dawn of day. His ravings about the weight of his gold sinking him became so violent that it was found necessary to strap him down to his bed, when, with a shriek of despair which was too dreadful to dwell on, his guilty soul drifted out into the world unknown, there to give an account of all the deeds done in the flesh.

After the funeral there was no person to prevent Mrs. Sandford, Mr. Tillett's sister, from taking possession of her brother's property. Mrs. Rose told me, "that when she opened the chest in which the stores of linen, etc., were kept, that they were so destroyed by moths and damp, that they literally fell to pieces in her hands;" thus verifying to the very letter, our Saviour's declaration in our text. In the eastern countries in ancient times, the illustrious and opulent accumulated, not merely silver and gold, but a prodigious number of magnificent habits, which were regarded as a necessary and indispensable part of their treasures. It is very difficult indeed to preserve these in warm countries, as the termites, or ants, will perforate the chests, and destroy linen, or anything else that comes in their way. The villages of Judea were built of mud or clay, and it was very easy for thieves to dig and obtain entrance to the treasures accumulated; this, doubtless, accounts for our Saviour's exhortation to his disciples, "to lay not up treasure where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal."

Mrs. Sandford provided liberally for Mrs. Rose, she settled an annual sum on her besides giving her, rent free for life, a very pretty cottage belonging to her unfortunate brother. She sought by every means in her power to do justice to those whom his injustice had in any way brought into trouble. And I believe that she would have restored, fourfold, could she have

found any one willing to profit by her generosity; they asked only what they had been defrauded of, and nobly she adjusted all their claims, reserving for herself only the old homestead, and the farm attached to it, which yielded her a sufficient support for herself and children. She brought them up to habits of industry, teaching them the invaluable blessings of time, and exhorting them to lay up for themselves treasure in heaven, by first seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

They are still living. God has prospered their store. The memory of their uncle's evil deeds cling to them no longer; his very name perished from amongst them, whilst their mother's is revered by all, as one who obeyed to the utmost of her power, our Saviour's precept, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

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SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing."
PSALM xxiii. 1.

The beautiful Psalm from which this verse is taken, must be productive of great comfort to all those who are in "trouble, need, sickness, or any other adversity."

Our Saviour declares, "I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," therefore David exclaims, "the Lord is my Shepherd, I can lack nothing." How perfect was his faith, he expresses his firm conviction of being fed in green pastures, and led beside the waters of comfort, of the mercy and loving kindness of God following him all the days of his life, so that in the end he will not fear to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, because he felt that even there God would be with him.

Oh! that we all had more faith, how much less would our sufferings be. How pure was David's belief in God's power and willingness to lift him out of the deep mire of affliction, and this faith caused him to break forth in the beautiful acknowledgement, that as "the Lord was his Shepherd he need not fear."

Is it not very sinful to be always repining at misfortune? which nine cases out of ten we bring on ourselves, either by our improvidence, carelessness or wilful neglect of our most sacred duties. How many, by violating the laws of nature deprive themselves of the enjoyment of the inestimable blessings of health; others neglect to take advantage of the means given them for advancement, whilst more will spend their wealth and time in amusements debasing to both soul and body. How diligently the mass of men seek the gratification of the

senses, as if there was nothing nobler to strive for; the narrow path which leadeth to eternal life is shunned while thousands travel the broad road which ends in destruction.

I will now, in a short tale, endeavor to interest you in the faith of a young girl I once knew, who being struck down in the midst of life's fairest prospects, bore with meek submission that decree which doomed her to months of fearful suffering, but who, in the midst of all, could, and did exclaim with David, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me."

Ellenor Maitland was the only daughter of a gentleman and lady with whom I was intimately acquainted. She was a very lovely girl, clever and talented, and well worthy the love of all who knew her. By her brothers she was almost idolized, till she was wont to say, "that she feared they would all spoil her." But she was one of those amiable characters which it seemed impossible to spoil; she was too grateful for indulgence to abuse it, and too unselfish to wish to rule when all were willing to be her slaves.

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland were remarkably kind and pleasant people, and what the world would call religious; that is, they were strict observers of all the forms of religion, moral and upright in conduct, just in all their dealings, charitable to the poor, and kind to all. Ellenor had been educated at home by a widow lady, whose husband had left her almost entirely destitute, rendering it necessary that she should seek some means of support, and she gladly undertook to superintend the education of Miss Maitland, who was only eight years of age when she entered on her duties. Mrs. Masters found a most amiable and docile pupil in the little girl, and seeing how she was idolized by her parents and brothers, sought to imbue her infant mind with such pure Christian principles, as would tend to crush all that was selfish in her nature, and fill her with loving kindness to all.

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland sought popularity; they were very generous, but frequently did more harm by their indiscriminate kindness than good, they could not bear to be thought

unkind, therefore often relieved people when it would have been far better to send them to work, for by such means idleness was encouraged, which is the root of all evil. Mrs. Maitland was one of those persons who had not sufficient courage to say no, and it was well for her daughter that she was so early placed under the guidance of such a superior mind as Mrs. Masters possessed. The little girl was taught to see every thing in its proper light, and soon learned to do good simply because it was her Saviour's command, and not for the praise of men. Ellenor had attained her seventeenth year before I became acquainted with her, and was of course emancipated from the regular routine of school room duties, although Mrs. Masters still continued to reside with her as her friend and companion. Ellenor was so attached to her beloved instructress that her parents felt it would be cruelty to separate them. Mrs. Masters loved her young pupil with the most devoted affection; her Christian character was the fruit of her own good training, and she felt how richly God had rewarded her labors. Ellenor was now launched into the gay world, her beauty and talents could not fail of bringing her universal homage, but Ellenor valued it at its own price, and infinitely preferred the quiet of her own happy home, to all the gaiety of the world outside.

Mr. Maitland was very ambitious, and consequently anxious that his daughter should make what the world calls a good match, and his pride was gratified when he found Ellenor's hand sought in marriage by the eldest son of a baronet, who had been the college friend and companion of her elder brother. The haughty baronet smiled most graciously on his elegant daughter-in-law, and the marriage was fixed to take place as soon as Ellenor should attain her nineteenth year.

Mrs. Masters, happy in the increased happiness of her beloved pupil, was most cordially pressed by Mr. Stafford to remain with Ellenor after her marriage. He could not be insensible to the value of such a friend for his young wife, or to the beauty of that religion which had done so much to form her character. Mrs. Masters could not resist Ellenor's gentle pleading, which tallied so well with her own wishes, and she joyfully acceded to a request which she felt was dictated by affection and given in all sincerity.

Thus, everything was settled to the satisfaction of all parties, and bright and happy were the prospects awaiting this young girl. No cloud darkened the horizon, all was fair and serene; the parent's ambition was gratified by the rank of the suitor; the brothers' most cherished wish, that their friend should win their sister was granted, no jealous or envious bickerings disturbed the peace of the household; the cup of happiness was filled to the brim, all was joy and gladness, with no shadow of fear to darken the brightness of the future.

I wish I could leave Ellenor here, secure in her happiness, but, alas, my task is a sad one, to tell you of all the sorrow which descended on that bright home. It was on its most cherished idol, its most lovely gem that the storm descended, scattering at one fell blow all the fond hopes, the fair prospects, dashing with unrelenting hand the full cup from the lips, ere its happiness was half tasted.

It was just three weeks before the time appointed for the wedding, that a large party assembled one morning at Mr. Maitland's, for the purpose of enjoying a pic-nic in the beautiful old abbey grounds some seven miles distant from the town. It was a most lovely day in June, and we all started in the highest spirits, "On eager pleasure bent." I had the gratification of driving Mrs. Master's, she was a most delightful companion, and I never saw her in such exuberant spirits as she talked long and eagerly to me about the bright prospects of her darling Ellenor; a theme she never tired of. She also expressed great gratitude for her own happy lot, for she told me, when her husband died, that she had not the wherewith to procure a meal, and now, should anything happen at any time to part her from Ellenor, that she possessed a competency which would render her independent for the remainder of her life. Her gratitude to God, the all bountiful giver, was intense, "for had he not fed her in green pastures, and led her forth beside the waters of comfort."

We spent a most delightful day wandering about and exploring all the ruins of that romantic place, we felt an unwillingness to part, till a dark cloud, spreading over the heavens, warned us of an approaching storm, and all saw the prudence of at once endeavoring to get home before it burst.

The carriages were quickly brought and we all started for our respective homes. The storm, however, increased rapidly, the rain descended in torrents, and the blinding lightning and heavy thunder caused more than one heart to quake with fear. Mr. Stafford and Ellenor, with her eldest brother, had started the first of all, and I, knowing what spirited horses he drove, tried to persuade Mrs. Masters that they would probably arrive home before the storm was at the worst. Mrs. Masters seemed to be all on a sudden impressed with some sense of danger, for she fell on her knees in the carriage and exclaimed, "O! God, save her!" It was as much as I could do to prevent the ponies I was driving from running away, it needed all our presence of mind in this fearful storm. I knew that we were within two miles of the gravel pits and my terror was great lest if I slackened the reins, that the ponies would in their fright run over the bank. But before we reached the pits, the storm had exhausted its fury, the thunder rolled at a distance, and the sun, bursting forth, shone with its glorious rays on a scene which froze my blood with horror. Mr. Stafford's carriage was overturned on the very edge of the bank, and the horses were kicking furiously in their efforts to extricate themselves. Looking over the bank we saw Mr. Stafford and young Maitland bearing the insensible form of Ellenor up the steep ascent, which was not accomplished without the greatest difficulty, as it was impossible for either Mrs. Masters or myself to render them the least assistance. But at last they reached the place where we were standing, and laid poor Ellenor down on the grass, with her head resting on Mrs. Master's lap.

The agony of these young men was painful to witness, as they gave us an account of the accident. "The horses," they said, "had gone very quietly for a while, but as the vividness of the lightning increased, they had become altogether ungovernable, and backing down the hill with fearful rapidity, had overturned the carriage and precipitated poor Ellenor with great violence down the steep declivity into the gravel pits below."

Assistance was kindly rendered us by the inmates of a farm house near, as soon as they heard of the accident; the horses were released from their perilous position, and a litter

prepared to convey the poor unconscious girl to the home which she had left a few hours since in such exuberant spirits. Can you not fancy the agony of the parents as they hung over the insensible body of their idol child? in whom appeared no sign of life, although the doctors declared that the vital spark had not fled.

Ellenor lingered for days in this mournful state, hovering between life and death, and when she awoke, it was to the sad consciousness that she was doomed to be a helpless cripple for the remainder of her existence. Injury of the spine caused her at times such frightful suffering, that the mind almost gave way under the intensity of the anguish; and yet a murmur never escaped her pale lips. She used her most earnest endeavors to comfort her parents, who, in these words, rebelled against this dread decree: "What had she done that her young life should be thus crushed out of her?"

Mrs. Masters at this sick bed reaped the fulfillment of the promise, "that what a man soweth he shall reap." She had so hedged this young girl around with the sense of God's love, so filled her with trusting faith in his dealings, that although she left all the brightness of life, for a bed of fearful anguish, she yet feared no evil, for she felt that the everlasting arms were around her, that the loving kindness of God rested with her, and that "He would yet lead her forth beside the waters of comfort."

I used frequently to go and sit up with the poor girl in order to enable Mrs. Masters to snatch a few hours rest, for she could scarcely be persuaded to leave the dear sufferer for an instant. Mr. and Mrs. Maitland could not look on her struggles which were such as appalled the stoutest heart, and Ellenor, in her unselfish wish to spare others pain, would ask to be left alone, but her faithful friend stood by, doing all that could be done, soothing her with loving words and wiping the damps of agony from off her brow. I have stood by her during these dreadful paroxysms, and prayed that her spirit might pass away in the fearful struggle, but Ellenor had yet to drink the cup to the dregs.

Mr. Maitland had sometime before this entered into a speculation, which I well remember ruined many of the landed

proprietors by its total failure, and in order to raise money had heavily mortgaged his estates without the knowledge of any of his family. Ruin now stared him in the face. Just at the time when all the comforts of a home were needed for his suffering child. A manufacturer who had accumulated large sums of money by trade, was the one to whom the homestead had been mortgaged. His upstart wife had long been urging him to foreclose the mortgage, as she was ambitious to show off her newly acquired dignity, by playing the lady of the manor, and her husband, a coarse, narrow-minded, uneducated man, very much under the dominion of his would-be lady wife, intimated to Mr. Maitland this intention, unless he were not paid his money immediately.

Poor Mr. Maitland, who had no security to offer in exchange for a loan, and too proud to solicit Sir Edward Stafford to afford him any relief, found himself obliged to inform his wife that their beautiful home had fallen into the hands of strangers, and that they must now seek an humbler one. Mrs. Maitland's consternation when she heard this is not to be described, nor is it necessary for me to enter into these details, as my object in this tale is merely to point out to you what faith in God's promises will do for those who trust in them, and what suffering it enables us to bear. I will therefore leave you to fancy all Mrs. Maitland felt, and proceed to tell you how Ellenor acted when she heard that she must be removed from the luxury which had hitherto surrounded her.

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland could not but feel the value of such a friend as Mrs. Masters, or the beauty of the religion she professed. It was now, when in trouble and distress, that she proved the sincerity of her love for Ellenor, her gratitude to them who had years before lifted her from the bitter waters of affliction. She insisted upon hiring a pretty house and receiving them as her guests, until Mr. Maitland should in some measure have recovered from his difficulties. She then undertook to be the bearer of the tidings of the sad change to Ellenor, which was done in such a manner, that the poor girl only saw in it a fresh instance of God's tender mercy in providing for her helplessness. The removal was what all dreaded, but I was delighted to find her no worse when I went to see her the next

day. What she felt in parting from the happy home of her childhood was known to none but God. She added no reproach to fill up the measure of her father's grief.

"How good God is to me," she said one afternoon as I sat by her bedside. "He surrounds me with such tender care, such loving kindness, that he leaves me nothing to ask for; although my limbs are useless, my eyes are not darkened that I cannot see, or my ears deadened so that I cannot drink in the sweet assurance of his protecting care. If he has seen it right to unfit me for an earthly mission, may I not hope that he is preparing me for a heavenly one? My life has been such a happy one, I have been the idol of all, goodness and mercy have followed me all my days, and now that I am nothing but a burden and trouble to all around me, I am still the object of tender care. My parents feel more what they have lost on my account. O! how I wish they would not fret for our earthly inheritance; how much better is the treasure God has laid up for us. Should we ever distrust him? See, he has prepared a table for us here, in the face of our enemies, has given us a friend when the world forsook us. Would that my beloved parents would look away from the things of this earth, to seek the inestimable joys of heaven."

Thus, dear Ellenor would talk, nothing could shake her trusting faith in God; she bore her sufferings so meekly, trying to spare all those who loved her from witnessing what she knew full well wrung their fond hearts with anguish. As for Mr. Stafford, who looked upon himself as the indirect cause of her accident, it was found absolutely necessary to prevent his seeing her, as he could not control his feelings, and it was thought then any mental suffering increased the violence of the paroxysms. It was about seven months after the accident, that I one afternoon received a note from Mrs. Masters, saying, that "Ellenor had been so much worse for the last few days, that it was plain to all her strength was fast failing, and she wished me to come and see her as soon as I could make it convenient." I had been on a visit to my mother, and had not seen Ellenor for nearly six weeks, and I was indeed dreadfully shocked at her changed appearance.

She received me with her usual smiling welcome, but her lips were already chilled with the coldness of death. Dear Ellenor was fast sinking to her rest, and joyfully did she hail the messenger which was to bring peace to the worn out frame. I remained with Mrs. Masters all night, her mission of love was nearly ended—she resigned it now to a more powerful master—even death. The doctor came about midnight, and after a lengthened visit, I followed him out of the room and asked his opinion. I recollect his turning quickly round, and saying, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, “rejoice that her end is so near, nothing will give me such a feeling of relief as when I hear the passing bell, one more fearful struggle and all will be over.” About four in the morning, dear Ellenor, who had been quiet since midnight, called me to her bedside, and asked me if Mrs. Masters was awake, and requested me to give her something to drink; I did so, and saw by the quivering of the lips that one of those fearful struggles was about to rend her weakened frame. I rang the bell and Mrs. Masters was quickly at my side.

“Oh! God help me to bear it,” cried the poor girl in her anguish. “Only a little while longer, darling,” said her affectionate nurse, “only a few minutes more, dear, to bear God’s rod, and you will dwell in his house forever.” She then repeated the beautiful Psalm from whence our text is taken. Fearful and prolonged was the struggle, but it ended at last, and poor Ellenor laid exhausted on her pillow. The usual restoratives were applied, but Ellenor never rallied from this last shock. She whispered faintly but distinctly, “I am now walking through the valley of the shadow of death, but I fear no evil; God is with me, His rod and His staff they comfort me.” About seven o’clock Mrs. Masters requested me to summon Mr. and Mrs. Maitland and the two young men, for it was plain that the end was drawing nigh. Ellenor’s eyes brightened as her parents and brothers approached, who, having been warned to do nothing to excite her, stood silently around her bed. It was a cold morning in January; the light of day was just struggling in, mocking the glare of the night-lamp—the most (to me) painful time to those who keep their vigils by the bedside of suffering humanity. *for*

Ellenor tried to speak, but the last symptom of her dread disease, paralysis of all the limbs, now asserted its power, and her tongue refused to give utterance to the loving thoughts which filled her breast. Mrs. Masters, the only one who seemed to retain her presence of mind, stood by her side, and softly repeated those comforting lines:

What tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The moment after death—
The glories that surround the saints,
When yielding up their breath?

One gentle sigh their fetters break,
You scarce can say they're gone,
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

The sweet smile of gratitude lingered on dear Ellenor's lips as she listened to these words, the brightness of another world than ours shone in her loving eyes, the breath grew fainter and fainter, till, calmly and peacefully as an infant sinks to sleep, dear Ellenor passed away—away from this suffering earth, to the joy and peace of heaven.

I assisted Mrs. Masters in preparing her darling for the grave, and as we looked on her emaciated frame which we had so often seen torn by the intensity of the pain endured for seven long months, we could feel naught but thankfulness that she had entered into her rest.

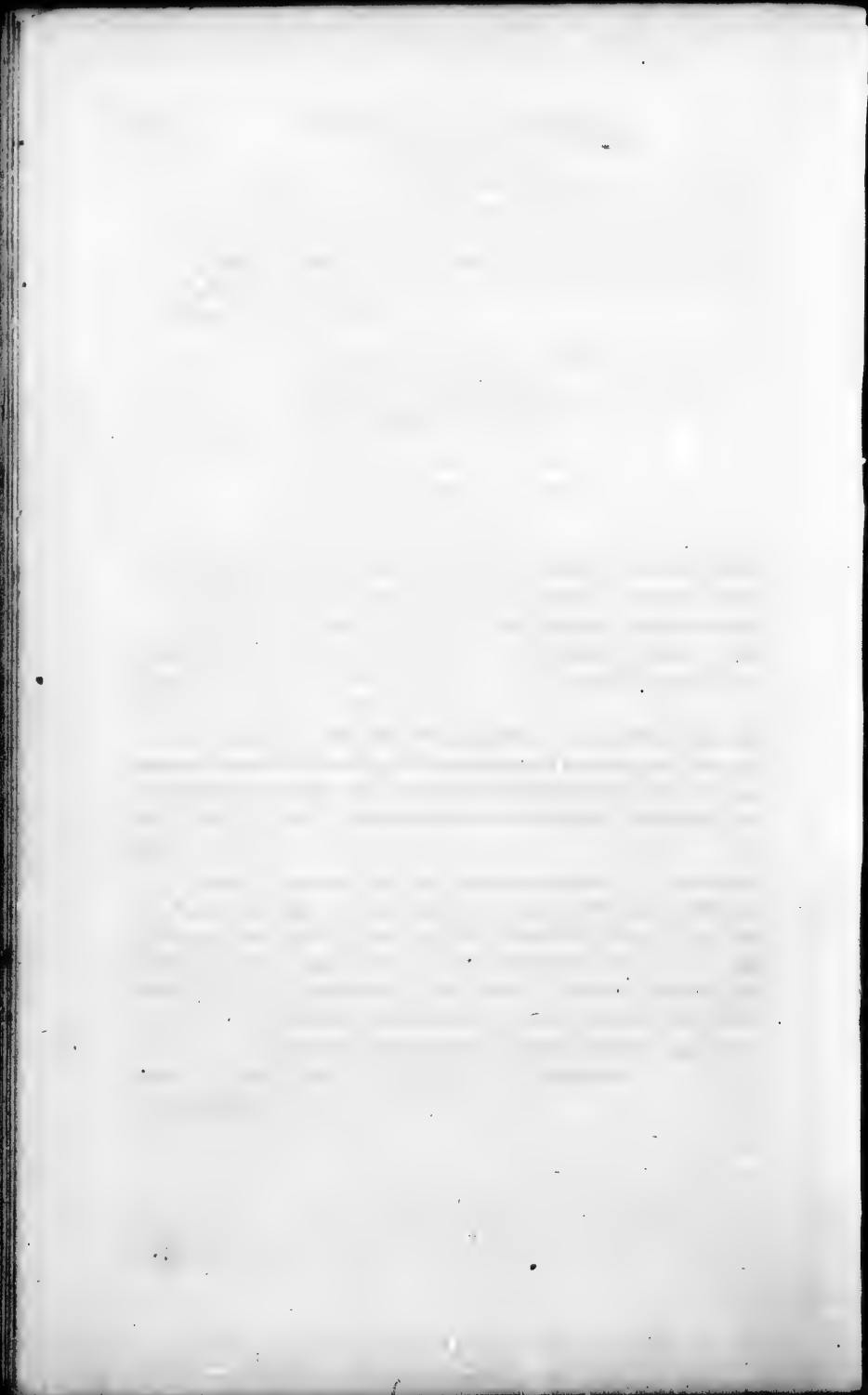
It is not my intention to lengthen out this tale by following the fortunes of any of the actors in it; my object is fully effected in the patient suffering and peaceful death of Ellenor. Let me, in conclusion, urge upon you the necessity of putting your trust in God, in exercising your faith. Remember He says, "Ye are the sheep of my pasture." What a beautiful assurance! Rest on 't in security, my dear girls, and then may you exclaim with David, "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing."

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SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—ECCLESIASTICS, xii, 1.

This beautiful verse forms a portion of the last chapter of the book of Ecclesiastics, which abounds in texts clothed in the chaste language of Scripture; and I trust, in the tale I am about to make use of in order to illustrate this verse, that I may be enabled to prove to you the happiness all enjoy who follow the precept contained in it. It is a short history of one of my own cousins which I have chosen, and may you in the contemplation of it be led to follow her example, who, although surrounded with every luxury which could render this world's pleasures tempting, yet, like Mary, chose that better part which is never taken away.

Ellen Clifford was the eldest child of my uncle and aunt, who resided in a most beautiful place in the county of N——. Sir Anthony Clifford was very rich, but a pompous, purse-proud, disagreeable man. When he married my aunt, she was a gay, young, thoughtless creature, possessing beauty enough to have won the heart of the most fastidious; but she knew nothing of his character, which was one ill calculated to render her happy. In a very short time the gay hearted girl sank into the poor, desponding, meek spirited woman, afraid of her husband's voice, and actually not daring to exert any will of her own. I do not remember anything very distinctly of the character of my aunt, for when I used to stay there, I was always in the school room with my cousins, who were all educated at home, and under the entire control of a very strict governess. Now, here I would just pause, to impress on your

minds the privileges you all possess of being so much more under the watchful eye of a mother than was the fashion in those days. Education, also, was then a toil; knowledge was ground into children, and the governess was far oftener chosen for the severity of her discipline than for either her talents or amiability. It was, indeed, a fearful mistake, and many a mother has had cause to rue the system. I am the more convinced every day, that so much more is accomplished by kindness than severity, that I would not trust the education of my children to any one they feared; experience has taught me that it has a most baneful influence on the pupil. I recollect we used to be confined to the school room from seven a.m. till eight p.m., poring over studies we could not comprehend, and listening to the harsh threatenings of punishment, which we knew there was no escape from when once determined on by our hated governess. If asked to spend a few weeks with our cousins, it was expected that we should share a portion of their studies during our visit. All, therefore, that I remember of my aunt is, that she was exceedingly kind in manner to the young people, but she was so subject to low nervous prostration, that she could not endure the slightest noise. Then, we were required by the governess to be the very pinks of propriety, which I, for one, never could or did attain to; and many were the severe lectures I used to receive for my torn dresses and tangled curls, the natural consequence of clambering into places in which I had no business. Of my cousins I have little to say—they were all merry, good-natured girls, but kept under such restraint by a very severe governess, that when they could manage to escape from the thralldom which surrounded them, they were guilty of every extravagance, and would resort to any means to escape detection.

Ellen, however, their senior by many years, was a girl of altogether a different character; her mother had during her infancy been so exceedingly ill, that Ellen had been placed out at nurse, and had imbibed all the religious principles of the very excellent woman who had had the care of her. Although Mrs. Parker was only a cottager's wife, she was a most noble woman and pure christian. Most earnestly did she seek to ingraft on her nursing's heart, the all important necessity "of

remembering her Creator in the days of her youth." God blessed the good seed sown, for Ellen was always a very thoughtful child, and gifted with a mind on which a good impression was easily made. I could not but admire my cousin Ellen's character, although I was altogether too full of life and spirits not to prefer being with my other cousins, who were always ready for a game of play; but I must own that they often shocked me with their deceitful tricks to escape the punishment which they dreaded. I do not mean to say that I was guileless from principle, because now I feel sure no such pure feelings guided me. It was fear kept me from telling the ready falsehood, for I well knew the punishment which would be inflicted if I, by chance, should be found out. I understood little of Ellen's beautiful character until her mother died. I happened to be staying there at the time it took place, having been invited to accompany my mother to the christening of my infant cousin, as she was to be called Fanny after me. It was not more than a year after the sudden death of the young boy, whose fate I made use of to illustrate the third commandment, and my mind never having quite recovered from that awful shock, it was, perhaps, in a fitter state to receive religious impressions. Ellen was about this time nineteen years of age, and it was during this season of affliction that her christian character shone forth in all its purity and loveliness.

Sir Anthony felt a little softened when he was called upon to take his last farewell of his wife. I think I see him now, with his pompous, overbearing pride, trying to stifle every manly feeling as too vulgar to be indulged in, forming a strange contrast to the violent sobs and tears of his distressed children. I never could quite believe that my aunt died happy; whatever her husband's faults had been, it formed no excuse for the inanimate useless life into which she sunk, leaving the guidance of her children to servants and governesses, whom, whatever might have been their individual merits, took little pains to teach them their duty to God—their obedience proceeded from fear, and not from the principle which ought to have been their guiding star. Lady Clifford's death was sudden, and in the midst of the christening festi-

vities, therefore I felt how short a time had been granted her for repentance; but no one has a right to set a bound to that mercy which, we are all taught to believe, may even be found in the eleventh hour.

Ellen sat up all night with me after my aunt's death, and talked so long and earnestly of the compassionate love of our Divine Redeemer, that hard, indeed, must have been the heart which could have remained untouched by her gentle influence; and during my stay I took more delight in her society and that of her beloved nurse, who had flown to speak words of comfort to the sorrow-stricken girl.

A year had scarcely elapsed, after the death of my aunt, ere Sir Anthony brought home a young girl not out of her teens, as his wife. I recollect how I pitied my cousins when I heard this, for I entertained a childish horror of a step-mother, and expected to find them all very miserable when I accompanied my parents on their first visit to her. What was my astonishment, to find them perfectly enchanted with their step-mother. She evidently exerted the greatest influence over her father-like husband, who seemed now to be ruled instead of ruling. She had insisted, upon her arrival, that the girls should be entirely emancipated, during the summer, from the rigours of the school room, and the over tasked governess sent home for a few months' recreation.

Being young and exceedingly pretty, she was more like a sister than mother to my cousins; she entered with the avidity of a child into all their amusements, and her cheerful temper made perpetual sunshine in a house where gloom had so long reigned supreme. I was quite fascinated with the courteous manner in which she received my parents, such lady-like deference was accorded them, such a smiling face bid me welcome that, before I went to bed that night, I had pronounced her the most charming of women.

The hall was now a different place—all was gaily and life; dinner and evening parties, pic-nics, boating excursions, followed each other with rapidity, nor were any of my cousins debarred from the full enjoyment of them, unless by their own desire. Ellen, of course, was the only one who ventured to

disapprove of this change; not but that she was glad to see her sisters emancipated from a system which she felt to be so injurious, for no one disliked severity like the gentle Ellen, but she feared that the rein was being pulled too much the other way, and lamented to me in the most mournful manner, that the necessity of so much company on the Sabbath day should prevent its sacred duties from being fulfilled. "Dear mama," she would say, "is so kind and indulgent; but Oh, if she would spend half the time devoted to the frivolous round of pleasure in the service of God, I should think her almost perfect, for she is so kind to us motherless girls; but the voice of prayer is never heard in our household—can the blessing of God rest upon us?" I used to think it surely would descend on her, for she was so self-sacrificing, so amiable, so willing to shut her eyes to all her own perfections and open them to those of another, that all who loved not religion could not but acknowledge the superiority of her, whose every action was guided by its pure principles.

I spent a very happy fortnight at B. Hall, although I was not permitted to join in the festivities with the same freedom as my cousins, nor did I desire it, for I had become greatly attached to my cousin Ellen, who took infinite pains to turn my thoughts from the frivolous things of time to the more precious and lasting ones of eternity, and I parted from her with great regret, she refusing my dear mother's invitation to accompany us home, as she devoted most of her time to her infant sister Fanny.

Ellen was a remarkably pretty and graceful-looking girl, and about six months after our departure, her hand was asked in marriage by the rector of the parish, a most delightful man, and one well able to appreciate the noble character of my cousin Ellen. Lady Clifford quite won Ellen's heart, by the kindness with which she urged Sir Anthony's consent to this match, he being very unwilling to give it, thinking with his usual pompous pride that his daughter was fitted for a more exalted station. But Lady Clifford overruled all his objections, and insisted upon his giving Ellen five thousand pounds with his consent, and was herself the bearer of the glad tidings to the blushing girl, whose beautiful christian character she could

not but love, however unwilling she might be to follow the example it set her.

As there existed no reason for delay, the wedding was fixed to take place early in the following summer, and I received a most cordial invitation from Lady Clifford to act as one of the bride's-maids. But, alas! how uncertain is everything in this life; how often are the best laid plans frustrated, and sometimes when we feel most secure of their fulfillment. Lady Clifford had been very delicate all winter, and soon after the birth of a son, became so seriously ill as to create the greatest alarm in her family. A celebrated physician was immediately summoned from London, and their worst fears were confirmed by his pronouncing her disease cancer in its most painful form. Here it was again that Ellen's christian character was brought out; putting aside all preparations for her wedding without a murmur, she took her post in the sick chamber of her step-mother. She bore meekly all the vain repinings of the poor, fretful invalid, who had never yet been called upon to pass through the ordeal of sickness. Now it was that Ellen earnestly sought by day and by night to turn her thoughts to that world whence she was fast hastening. With tireless zeal did she supplicate at the throne of grace for the poor sufferer, and that Divine power which can penetrate the hardest heart, at last brought conviction to the sinner; who now, when she found that life with all its brightness must be exchanged for the dark and loathsome grave, gladly turned, to hear of that mercy which alone could make it yield its victory. Eagerly did her ears drink in the sweet assurance of her Saviour's love from the lips of her gentle step-daughter. How bitterly did she regret her frivolous life; how different every pleasure appeared now it was mirrored by a dying eye. How intense was her gratitude to Ellen for her loving care of her never-dying soul; and she patiently repressed every groan of anguish which could cause a pang to her gentle nurse, whose fair prospects had all been so cheerfully resigned, for the purpose of becoming her consoler, and the instrument in God's hand (for to him gave she all the glory) of directing her thoughts to that cross, which we are all bidden to take up.

After fourteen months of severe suffering, it pleased God to

release her; but this did not happen till she had come forth from out the fiery furnace, as out of a refiner's fire. Three days before she died I accompanied my mother, at her express desire, to be present at the marriage of Ellen, for Lady Clifford insisted upon its taking place during her life; for, as she told my mother, she felt certain Ellen would sacrifice all her happiness as a wife to be the mother of her motherless babe. It was a sad change to witness this once beautiful young woman so worn by suffering that I should never have recognized her; but the trial had been her salvation—she was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and calmly waited his time. It was then, in her room, into which death was so soon to enter, that the bridal ceremony took place. A sweet smile illumined the face of the dying woman as she flung her arms around Ellen's neck and whispered her thankfulness that she saw her made happy. The scene was too melancholy and I was glad to leave the room, which I did not again re-enter until I stood, with my cousins, to see the last of Lady Clifford ere the coffin lid was closed; but there was not one of us who did not feel fully assured that she had entered into that rest which is promised to all who cast their burden on him who has declared, "that he will give them rest."

I returned home soon after the funeral, and as I was, myself, married the following summer, I saw nothing more of my cousin Ellen for some years, but I knew she had a great many trials to contend with. Her father was overwhelmed with debt, in consequence of his son's extravagance at college, and the beautiful estate, where I had spent so many happy hours, passed into the hands of strangers. The girls, having no one to guide them, made imprudent love matches, and were separated far and wide. Fanny and the last baby had died within a year after Lady Clifford.

But poor Ellen's greatest trial was yet to come, and it was one, but for her faith in God, would surely have crushed her to the earth. Her beloved husband was killed by a railway accident, only a few days after she had been called upon to resign her eldest boy; his little body still laid unburied awaiting his father's arrival, who had been sent for and who was hastening home, to pour sweet comfort into the stricken mo-

ther's breast, when one of those fearful collisions took place, which hurried him into eternity, there to meet his boy whom he was destined to see no more on earth.

I did not see poor Ellen at that time, but heard from a friend of hers how, with her usual selfishness, she had stifled all her sorrow to administer comfort to her poor broken hearted old father, who had become almost imbecile and totally depending on her for support. It was when she had been a widow some three years, that my husband, having business in that part of the country, I accompanied him to see my cousin Ellen. I found her very much changed in appearance; it was so grievous to see that beautiful hair confined under the close border of the widow's cap; but, although her face had lost much of the brilliancy of youth, there rested on it the same sweet smile, though of a sadder cast, which had always characterized it. She talked long and earnestly to me of the trials she had been called upon to endure, and proved, past all doubt, that it was her perfect faith and trust in God which had enabled her to bear up under them.

Attending on her peevish, discontented father was a task almost any one would have shrunk from, because his mental powers were so weakened that nothing could satisfy him. No fond voice of a beloved husband was there to soothe her, for that was silent in the grave; no childish voice to lisp mamma, for both her little ones had died; and yet there was no gloom in Ellen's household; she delighted in the society of the young people of the parish, visited the poor, administered to all their wants with an unsparing hand, and had a smiling welcome for all.

You have seen people, I am sure, who, when they have been called upon to endure any trial, have so wrapt themselves up in their own selfish sorrow as to make every one round them miserable. I have known many who, after some beloved child has been taken away, close up their shutters, hardly suffering the sun's rays to penetrate into the gloom which pervades the whole household; the merry laugh of children is checked almost before uttered, and the once cheerful voice is changed to a pining, discontented whine. Is not this as much as to say,

God has no right to afflict me! Shall we then receive all good at his hand, and no evil? can he not recall what he gives? We are not forbidden to weep for our lost ones, for our Saviour himself wept at the grave of Lazarus; but we are forbidden to sorrow as those who have no hope. And you may depend on it, my dear girls, that whenever you find sorrow and trouble crush a person to the earth, so that no sympathy is acceptable, you may feel sure that the love of God dwelleth not there. All who love him bow beneath his chastening rod; and although it may not be possible in the first burst of anguish to say, "thy will, not mine, Oh God, be done;" yet, where there is perfect trust in God's promise, that he does not willingly afflict his children, you will find meek submission to his will, instead of the rebellious murmuring which too often follows the death of some loved one. No, take your trouble as my cousin Ellen did, to God, and believe in his beautiful promise, "that you shall be comforted."

Now, my dear girls, I trust you see the beautiful effect of the verse chosen this afternoon. Ellen had remembered her God in the days of her youth, before the evil days came upon her; it was not when trouble and trial came thick upon her that she had to seek him, consequently, as her years increased she found pleasure in him whom she had sought in her young days. Yes, she had remembered her Creator in the midst of all the pleasures of youth, and she is now a living monument of the truth "That he has not forgotten her age."

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—ST. MAT. xix. 14.

This beautiful verse is, as I am sure you know, repeated by all the evangelists. What a source of delight it must have been to the mothers when rebuked by the disciples, to hear such blessed and comforting words from the Saviour? Does it not then behoove every parent to bring their little ones to Christ? Who can resist such a beautiful invitation—"Suffer the little children to come and forbid them not?"

Now, there is not one of you here in this class, I am sure, who has not at some time or another witnessed the rite of baptism performed by our clergyman, but did you ever consider its institution? Probably you have just looked upon it as a pretty sight to see a little infant held at the font to receive its name, or what is more probable, have laughed to hear its cries as the cold water was sprinkled on its tiny face. Now, if you will look into the sixteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter of St. Mark, you will find that our blessed Saviour there declares, "That none can enter into the kingdom of heaven, except he be born again of water," and also, "that by his own baptism he did sanctify the element of water to the mystical washing away of sin."

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and so I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," was the command given, and promise made to his disciples, just before his ascension.

Our church urges on all, the duty of bringing their children to be baptized as soon after their birth as possible, and it always appears to me a very sad neglect when I see whole

families growing up, whose parents have never yet thought it worth their while to bring their little ones to Christ, by having them received into his church as members of the same mystical body.

I wish now to relate a scene I was eye-witness to, in which a dear little babe was baptized just before he was called upon to receive that crown of glory which fadeth not away. This little babe had been seriously ill for several days and I was one night keeping watch with the young mother, when at midnight the kind physician intimated to me the necessity of having the rite of baptism administered to the little creature on whom it was plain to see death had set its marble seal. But who could undertake to tell the weeping mother that all hope was over, and that she must resign her beautiful babe to the cold embrace of death? She alone appeared unconscious of danger. However as there was no one there but myself to perform this painful task, I told her as gently as I could, that as all infantine diseases were more or less uncertain in their results, her husband wished to have the babe baptised, and that the clergyman only awaited her orders. I took the little creature from the cradle and placing him on my lap waited till he should be summoned up stairs. A few minutes only elapsed ere he came, and without one word of comfort to the stricken mother, commenced the service. I fancy he saw the necessity of haste, for surely there was no mistaking the grey hue which had gradually, for the last few minutes, been overshadowing the infant's face.

At many baptisms have I been an interested witness. I have held at the font the long desired heir of a noble house, as well as him whose inheritance was nought but poverty and sorrow. It is always to me a beautiful sight to see the little innocents of whom our Saviour declares "of such is the kingdom of heaven," receiving the sign of that cross under which they swear by their sureties to fight manfully and boldly against the world and the devil. But there was something so touchingly solemn in this midnight baptism that I could scarcely control my feelings. The deep and silent agony of the father as he strove to whisper words of comfort to the young mother which he was so far from feeling, fell with painful

intensity, on my ears, which had listened to the same so often. The rites were at last concluded, and the dear babe signed with our Saviour's cross, a cross he was never to bear, for without one effort for victory the crown of eternal life was within his reach. The words faltered on the dear old minister's tongue as he slowly pronounced the blessing on the sweet babe just passing away. No pain disturbed him, by his faint breathing alone could you tell that life still held dominion there. But scarcely fifteen minutes elapsed after he had been received into the "ark divine" when little Edward's eyes opened on a glorious eternity.

"The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!" exclaimed the minister as he gently strove to sooth the agony of the young mother's first grief. "Oh! think of that glorious rest which your babe is now enjoying, hard it is I know to resign him, but from your arms he goes to his Saviour's. Your treasure is now sheltered by him, who said, 'bring them to me,' what earthly love can compare with that he is now in full possession of, remember it is God who gives and God who takes away. Oh, pray earnestly to him to give you strength to stand—"

"In faith and hope and tireless zeal,
Till the heart's broken chain,
In links of everlasting love,
Be blended once again."

The young, grief-stricken mother was led by her husband from the room, and I was left to assist the nurse in preparing little Edward for his grave. How lovely he looked in his pure white shroud. I could scarcely believe it was death I looked on; but, alas all was cruel reality, and nothing left to tell of his welcome birth but the sigh and tears of his bereaved parents. After seeing all arranged as I felt the young mother would desire, I went home, desiring the nurse to say that I would return in the evening. It would be impossible for me to dwell on all the events of that sorrowful week, at the end of which dear baby was buried. Such a day of grief must be endured to be felt in all its harrowing bitterness; no one but a parent can express the agony of seeing the beloved one

shrouded for the grave, the bright eyes closed, and the warm tint of health exchanged for the grey hue of death.

"To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears,
To think the cold grave now must close,
O'er which I was once the chief
Of all the treasured joys on earth,
This is a mother's grief."

The bell tolling the awful requiem for the early dead, struck with painful force on the hearts of the bereaved parents. They felt the desolate void of their home. What could console them for the vacant crib and nursery? Nothing, I knew, so I presumed not to preach resignation, which God alone can grant, for it is only—

"When the first wild throb is o'er
Of anguish and despair,
That we lift the eye of faith to heav'n,
And feel our darlings there.
This best can dry the gushing tear,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope,
Overcomes a mother's grief."

It is, of course, many years since this event took place, and several little boys and girls have been sent, I trust, a comfort to my bereaved friend. Yet, I will venture to say, that this midnight baptism has never been forgotten, and that little Edward still lives in his mother's memory, and will do so, till she is called to join him on that happy shore where adieus and farewells shall be heard no more, and where as the first of her household band, he will welcome her to the joys he was so early called upon to partake of by him who invited the little children to come unto him, and so beautifully declared, "That of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—ECCLESIASTICS, ii. 1.

This injunction, you all know, was given by Solomon, the son of David, in the book called Ecclesiastics, and is well worthy your serious attention. We are all of us able to show kindness of some sort or other to our fellow-creatures; and we are assured that the smallest one shown for Christ's sake, shall not go unrewarded. Our Saviour's own words, "Verily I say unto you, that inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," is a bright assurance which should inspire every one with an earnest heartfelt desire to relieve the necessities of their fellow-creatures. I will now endeavor to illustrate this verse by relating a scene which was enacted under my own immediate observation, and I trust to interest you sufficiently so that you will never throw away an opportunity of doing good, but cheerfully endeavor to obey your Divine Redeemer when he bids you to "go and do likewise."

A young girl who resided with her widowed mother on the outskirts of the town in which I lived, was returning rather late on Saturday night from taking some work home, on the finishing of which she had depended for their subsistence for the next week, when she was startled by hearing a groan of pain proceeding from a person who was lying by the road side. At first Rose felt inclined to go on, for she had heard of cases, where men disguised as females, excited the sympathy of the passer by, by their groans, only to rob and perhaps murder them. However, Rose's heart was too tender to suffer her to pass without first ascertaining whether any one really needed her assistance, and stooping down, saw to her surprise, that a

young woman, with an infant in her arms, laid there almost unable to move. Rose lifted her up, and with a great deal of difficulty succeeded in assisting her to walk across the field which divided the road from her mother's cottage. Her mother, who was a poor, sickly, weak-minded woman, worn down by trouble and poverty, was shocked when she saw the addition Rose had brought to the cottage; and I am sorry to add, that instead of assisting her in her good work, she commenced blaming her for not having sent the woman to the Union House for relief. Rose made no answer until she had got the unfortunate stranger comfortably settled in her little bed. She then, in her own sweet way, expostulated with her mother, and reminded her of our blessed Saviour's injunction, "that we should have pity on the poor." She talked also about the parable of the good Samaritan, till her mother could no longer refuse the charity for which her daughter pleaded so gently, and she consented to prepare some nourishment for the invalid, while Rose undressed the unfortunate baby and fed it with some warm milk. As soon as she had accomplished this task and laid the baby down in a sweet sleep, she requested permission of her mother to be allowed to fetch the doctor, as it seemed impossible to arouse the stranger from the stupor into which she had fallen. Her mother was extremely unwilling to allow her to go into the town alone at that hour, but Rose declared "that she had no fear, she trusted in God to protect her from danger," and started on her errand of mercy.

She arrived at the house of my brother-in-law and fortunately found him just come in, so bidding her step into his gig he drove her quickly home.

It was from him that I heard the account of this affair, when he called the next morning, asking me to accompany him to the cottage, and I thus became an eye-witness of the scene which I wish to make use of in order to illustrate the verse under our consideration. The unfortunate young person had died early in the morning, without having sufficiently recovered her powers of speech as to enable her to tell who she was, or where she came from. A coroner's inquest was held on the body, which was that of a very young and delicate female, who had evidently never been used to tread in the lower ranks of

life. The verdict returned was, "That she had died from exhaustion, in consequence of exposure to the inclemency of the weather,." A very careful investigation was instituted by the authorities, and advertisements inserted in all the local papers, but nothing was elicited at the time which could throw any light on this strange affair, therefore the body was committed to the grave, and there the matter rested. After the funeral, a consultation was held as to what was to be done with the baby, a sweet little fellow, apparently about six weeks old. Rose's mother strongly urged its being sent to the Union house, but her daughter as resolutely opposed it, declaring, "that she had earned her right to it by saving its life, and nothing should compel her to part with it. She would be a mother to it until its lawful guardians could be found, she felt so sure that the ladies would never let her want the drop of milk, and she trusted to God for the rest." It was really beautiful to witness the trusting faith of this young girl, how she put to shame those who prided themselves on the charity given out of their abundance. But here Rose stood alone, with nothing but her faith in God's promise, "that he is blessed who provides for the poor and needy." Her earnings were scarcely sufficient to keep want from the door, and yet she willingly took upon herself a burden which she felt was a burden of love. No promise of help did she ask, but clasping the little innocent babe to her bosom, exclaimed, "God so deal with me and mine, as I do tenderly with this motherless babe." So the infant was left with her, and you may readily believe she was not suffered to want either clothes or milk for her nursing. But she never asked help from any one, she worked early and late, never neglecting her duty to her mother, who required many comforts in her ailing state, which Rose, in her unselfish love, would deprive herself of necessities to procure. How few of the great ones of our land who revel in wealth and luxury, would deny themselves comforts with which half their life is surfeited, to act as Rose did?

I was so much interested in Rose and her little protegee, that I frequently used to visit her. It was amusing to see how beautifully clean she always kept him; she delighted in dressing him in white, and would wash and iron for him long after

other people were soundly sleeping. Rose would often tell me "that she was sure he was of no low birth, and if his father ever came to claim him, she would like that he should find him kept like a little gentleman." This was a very pardonable pride in poor Rose, who had carefully put the clothes away he had on when found, in order that they might be identified, and they were certainly made of materials which justified Rose in her suspicion, for they were very unlike any used by the poorer classes in England. Of course the prevalent idea that his young mother "had borne unhusband a mother's name," had prevented many of the worldly righteous from upholding Rose in her loving care of the little stranger, and I am sorry to say, that as the excitement of the affair died away, her patrons grew luke-warm in their sympathy. But Rose never wavered in her self-imposed task, and why was this? She sought no earthly mode of praise; and her purely disinterested charity we may all feel sure was registered on high. Her life was one continued scene of self-denial, a murmur never escaped her lips, as the wants of her little nursing grew more pressing; but she managed him so well that he required less nursing than any babe I ever saw. Many a mother would do well to take a lesson from Rose, and their little ones would be less dependant on their nurses, whose pernicious indulgence often does more to form the bad habits of youth, than people are disposed to allow.

Rose, not knowing whether the baby had been baptized, was anxious to have the ceremony performed, and accordingly my sister and brother-in-law stood sponsors for him, and he received the name of Charles, Rose remarking, "that whenever his father should claim him, it would be easy for him to resume his name, supposing that he had already received one." So little Charley grew, and was a fine lovely boy of three years ere his history came to light, which it did in the following manner:

An advertisement appeared in one of the city papers, asking information of a young person, who with an infant of five weeks old, had left her home on such a day, now about three years ago, and was supposed to have been murdered. Any one giving intelligence leading to their discovery, either alive

or dead, would be very handsomely rewarded. My brother-in-law brought over the paper to me, and showing the advertisement, requested me to go over and speak to Rose about it, for it was very evident that the dead mother of her little protegee was the person advertised for. I was delighted at the chance of this long-lasting mystery being cleared up, and went immediately to speak to Rose about it. The idea of parting from the little boy was a dreadful source of sorrow to poor Rose, but she was with her usual good sense glad to think that there was a chance of putting a stop to all the ill-natured surmises, which his poor mother's mysterious death had given rise to. My brother answered the advertisement by requesting a personal interview with the advertiser, and in consequence, a gentleman arrived by mail the next evening, when the following facts were elicited:

It appeared that this gentleman was a captain of a vessel, and had married a young girl very much against her and his parents' wishes. Her father, a stern and passionate man, discarded her, and she was anything but kindly received by her husband's family, whose sisters, jealous of her youth and beauty, took no pains to hide their dislike. This young creature had very delicate health, and therefore was totally unfit to cope with any trial or unkindness. As long as her husband was with her she was cheerful and happy, but he was making arrangements for a voyage which he feared would detain him two if not three years, and it was impossible to take such a delicate creature to share the hardships which he and his hardy crew must invariably encounter. He, however, very injudiciously placed her with his family, which, knowing their dislike to her, he was very wrong to do, but he acted for what he thought best, exacting a promise that she should receive every kindness. He sailed a week after the birth of his son, who, curiously enough, was baptized and called after himself, Charles Manvers. What unkindness was resorted to which drove the wretched girl from home will ever remain a mystery, till the accuser and the accused stand face to face before the bar of God. Captain Manvers was dreadfully overcome when he heard the particulars of his young wife's destitute condition, who had left home without a sixpence; his family informing

him that they supposed she had gone to her father. But that, of course, was a false statement, they could not fail of having seen the advertisements which we had inserted in all the papers, but I suppose that their conscience accusing them of being her murderer, they thought it better to keep dark, rather than take any steps towards recovering the baby; probably, also, they feared the revelations which the young mother might have made.

I cannot find words or time to tell you of all Captain Manver's gratitude to Rose for her generous care of his dying wife and darling boy, whose likeness to himself fully proved his parentage. How to reward Rose sufficiently was, in his estimation, impossible, therefore, you will not be surprised to hear, that feeling sure such a girl would adorn any sphere, he married her, and raised the humble cottage girl to be the wife of a wealthy captain. Rose bore her prosperity as meekly as she had done her poverty. She was sensible of her deficiencies, and knew that something more was wanting to make her a gentlewoman than fine clothes. She therefore took great pains to cultivate her mind, so as to render her fit for her station. Whatever she learned, so far from rendering her proud and vain, convinced her how much more she had to learn. She never put on any of those ridiculous airs, which people are so apt to assume who are suddenly raised from an obscure situation. Religion taught her, "that it is God alone who, by his providence pulleth down one and setteth up another; and that it is he who lifteth the poor out of the dust, and the needy from the mire; and to him she gave all the glory." She never forgot from whence she had been raised; and it made her humble, not proud. Neither did she become extravagant or show a fondness for finery. She dressed agreeably to her station as a girl, and so she did now as a wife, she never exposed herself to ridicule by going beyond it; she was an excellent wife, mother, and mistress, and fully justified Captain Manver's opinion of her. The little boy never lost his place in her affections, although she had several children of her own.

Now, my dear girls, my chief aim in this tale has been to set before you the law of kindness, you may never in your lifetime be called to act in such a scene as this; but scarcely a day

passes over that we cannot do something or other that will add to the comfort or happiness of another. Never heed how small your opportunities, do not waste them; be encouraged by those beautiful texts of scripture which say, "To do good and distribute, forget not, for with such sacrifice God is well pleased." "Be merciful according to thy power." Have pity on the poor, for by so doing you lend to the Lord."

Remember, Rose had no hope of ever being rewarded when she took to her home the perishing mother and infant, save by her own conscience. She had not studied the beautiful precepts contained in her bible for nothing, she was not a mere nominal Christian, but acted as if she felt God's eye was upon her. She was blamed by her mother, sneered at by many, still she persevered in her good work. Her most exaggerated hopes of reward, had she possessed any, would have fallen far short of what in reality did take place. But she sought no earthly meed of praise, guided by her faith in God's promise, "That he is blessed who provides for the sick and needy." She went steadily on in the path of duty. Setting sneers and reproaches at defiance, she confidently "cast her bread upon the waters," and you see how fully she reaped the fulfilment of the promise, "that it should be returned to her after many days."

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SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"The poor is hated even of his own neighbor; but the rich hath many friends."—PROV. OF SOL., xiv., 20.

This verse, my dear girls, which is taken from the fourteenth chapter of the proverbs of Solomon, shows us how much value the world sets upon the possession of riches—the fading riches of this world. What can be so ridiculous as the homage which is paid to wealth? for it causes the character of the possessor of it to be quite overlooked by those who are eager for his notice. How will people bow and cringe to its power, as though it included all that was needful to insure happiness. But we will now pause for one minute and see what our blessed Saviour himself declares, and I refer you to the 19th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, where you will read that a young man puts this question to him: "Master, what good things shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" Our Saviour answers him by saying, "That he must keep all the commandments," to which the young man replies, "That he had done so from his youth up," adding, "What lack I yet?" Our Saviour tells him, "To sell all he has and give to the poor, so should he have treasure in heaven." Then we read that this young man went away sorrowful, and why? Because he had great possessions. To part from his wealth was a trial he could not bring his mind to, it was too great a sacrifice to be required of him, and our Saviour exclaims, "Verily, I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven." Now you must not fall into the error of supposing that our Saviour meant, that because a man was rich it was hard for him to enter heaven; it was not the actual possession of riches, but the undue value which is set upon them. It rendered this young man, you find, indifferent to the unsearch-

able riches of Christ. This was the sin; the treasure in heaven which our Saviour promised was secondary to his earthly possessions, for you read he went away sorrowing. There is no doubt that riches debase the minds of many, rendering them hard-hearted and selfish; they have many friends, as our text declares, but it is the friendship of the world. David says, "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of the richest." Again he says, "That a man heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them; consequently he walketh in a vain show." Again, "That they trust in their wealth, and boast themselves of the multitude of their riches." How numerous are the texts of Scripture which I could bring to prove the truth of this, and I do wish that you would read them over before you proceed to read the following tale illustrating the one chosen for our present consideration. Any subject leading you to search the Scriptures, provided you ask the assistance and guidance of God's Holy Spirit, must result in your benefit. How awful is the denunciation pronounced by our Saviour, in the 24th verse of the 6th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel, "Woe unto you that are rich! for ye have received your consolation;" and surely you have all read the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, but you may perhaps read it with more interest if I explain it to you. The rich man, we are told, "was clothed in purple"—this color in those times was the dress of the rich and high born only—and "that he fared sumptuously every day." Now see the contrast between him and Lazarus: "He was a beggar full of sores." It was a common custom in Jerusalem and throughout the East to lay a cripple or leper at the door of some wealthy man, or to place him in a public thoroughfare, stretched on his mat, or wooden litter, and this history tells us "that he laid at the rich man's gate, and desired to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table." Now, among the ancients napkins were not used for wiping the hands, but they were dipped in dishes of water, and wiped with the soft part of the bread, which was afterwards thrown to the dogs—and this bread poor Lazarus craved; but we are not led to believe by this parable that it was even granted him, for we are told that "he died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bo-

sem." Now this phrase probably bears allusion to the custom of Jewish feasts of several guests lying on one couch, the head of one being placed near the bosom of another. It signifies a high state of felicity, for we are told in the 13th chapter of St. John's gospel, that the disciple whom Jesus loved leaned on his heart at supper. But what is the fate of the rich man? "He lifts up his eyes in hell," and begs that mercy of Lazarus which he had denied him on earth. What answer does he receive? "That he in his life-time had received good things, and Lazarus evil things;" the same contrast in their fates still existed, only reversed: "he was tormented, Lazarus comforted." Had he used the talent committed to his care in relieving the needy, feeding the hungry, he might be with Lazarus enjoying the joys of heaven; but he had shut his ear to the voice of mercy, and his riches had sunk him into the depths of hell. Does this parable not prove to you how vain is the possession of wealth if it hardens the heart. What value does it possess only as it enables us to administer to the necessities of others. As the rich use the power given them, so will they have to answer for it. But I will now proceed to relate an incident which came under mine own immediate observation, and I think it will amuse and instruct you as much as it did me at the time it happened.

Very near my house there lived in a small cottage a middle-aged single lady. She was exceedingly plain in her person, and very eccentric in manner; but she was kind-hearted, gentle and benevolent, with a heart overflowing with generosity and good will to all. It was a source of wonder to me how she managed to live and keep up so respectable an appearance upon her very limited income, which did not quite count forty pounds per annum. She was always happy and cheerful, the merriest of old maids, ever willing to fly to the aid of the sick and destitute, to whose wants she ministered with unsparring hand; what, if she had in consequence less comfort at home, for the sake of giving it to another, it only made her more grateful to God, who had enabled her to carry relief to anyone more needy than herself. Many a bitter winter's night have I known her to leave her bed, and, through torrents of rain, go on her errand of mercy to the hovel of some

poor dying creature, whose last moments she would smooth by assurances of her Saviour's love, and whose weak faith she would encourage as she passed from the poverty of earth to the eternal riches of heaven; and then she would return wet and shivering to her own desolate home, with the sweet smile of benevolence on her lips, and plans of future comfort and help in her large, loving heart.

Miss Thorne was of course of too little consequence to be noticed by the high and rich families who resided in the town. How could a poor obscure old maid, who lived in a small cottage meanly furnished, and keeping no servant, expect to be even thought of. Whether she felt this or not she gave no sign; she quietly pursued her own path, relieving the poor, visiting the sick, and advising the erring. Forgetful of self, she held on the even tenor of her way, until an event occurred which worked a strange metamorphosis in her hitherto friendless position.

I was taking tea with her one evening when the postman brought her a letter from a lawyer in the city of N——, requesting her to meet him at his office on the following day; enclosing a five pound note for her expenses. We talked and wondered what this could possibly portend, and Miss Thorne laughed heartily at my suggestion that she must have fallen heir to some fabulous property, and declared "that she had not a relation in the world that she knew of." However, the next morning she hired a post chaise and started on her journey, which, although but a distance of nine miles, was quite an event in her hitherto uneventful life.

She was absent two days, and then called to tell me the welcome tidings, that an old uncle whom she had never seen, and scarcely even recollected as having gone out to India when she was a child, had there died, and bequeathed to her, as the only surviving child of his twin sister, the magnificent income of twelve thousand pounds per annum.

The calm manner in which Miss Thorne announced this puzzled me. Here was a step from poverty to affluence which might have overwhelmed a far stronger-minded person, but she was as cool and collected as though she was only just drawing her quarterly allowance of nine pounds. Of course

this news soon spread through the town, and the poor despised old maid rose twelve thousand pounds in the estimation of her aristocratic neighbours. She must, as a matter of course, be taken into their society, and be noticed by their august body. They could afford now to overlook her eccentricities in consideration of her wealth, and it was really amusing to see with what astonishing rapidity friends and acquaintances rose up, now that Miss Thorne needed neither advice or assistance. She was a remarkably clever woman, and very sensitive of the ridiculous, which, but for her Christian character, would doubtless have shown itself in satirical bitterness, for it was impossible for her to be insensible to the marked courtesy paid her by those who, before this era, had never so much as bestowed a look upon her. She, however, made no remark, as she fully understood the truths contained in the third chapter of the Gen. Epistle of St. James, and "held her tongue in subjection."

The first thing effected by Miss Thorne was the purchase of a very pretty villa about three miles out of town. She furnished it handsomely, and with every convenience; hired a respectable man and his wife, with their oldest daughter, to live with her, bought a beautiful little carriage and two ponies, and settled down quietly to enjoy the bright change in her life and prospects.

She was of course besieged with visitors, whose advances she met with lady-like politeness, and their congratulations with kindness.

About ten days afterwards every lady who had honored her with a call received a card, left by Miss Thorne's footman, on which was printed in gold figures £12,000. Everyone was at a loss to know what this could possibly portend, and many were the conjectures hazarded on the subject. At last one lady, bolder than the rest, undertook to solve the mystery by calling on Miss Thorne and requesting an explanation.

Miss Thorne's answer was so characteristic of herself that I cannot do better than give it in her own words:

"Madam, I have now resided in this town for a period of sixteen years. During that time I have had a hard struggle with life; I have several times been prostrated by very severe

sickness, and yet no lady thought me worthy to come under my roof. I have frequently suffered the pangs of hunger, yet I received neither help or sympathy. In the house of God (which, thanks be to His holy name, is alike open to the poor and rich), had it not been for the free pews, which of you would have dared to have braved the opinion of the world, by opening your richly decorated ones to the poor despised old maid? How is it, then, that my inheritance has worked such a reformation? I am not conscious of any change myself—I am the same plain old maid as before, and surely if my conduct during sixteen years' residence amongst you has been such as not to merit the notice now so freely bestowed, I really cannot understand how a fortune so unexpectedly inherited can, in so short a time, have rendered me a fit object for your civilities. I came, therefore, to the conclusion, and I trust I injure no one by it, that it was my wealth you all paid court to, and not simply myself. I accordingly sent each lady a card, acknowledging their call, and here the unsought for acquaintance must end. For it is not in pandering to the rich and great that my wealth will be spent, but in teaching the ignorant, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and visiting the sick. In the hovels of the poor and wretched, at the bedside of the sick and dying, is the place I shall fill for the remainder of my existence; and I bless God who has made me the steward of such wealth, and I humbly pray that at His judgment seat I may not have to answer for one mispent pound."

Now, my dear girls, my object in this tale is to point out to you the exceeding folly of setting value on wealth just for wealth's sake. In this case you see all Miss Thorne's noble qualities were overlooked, and herself treated with scorn and neglect, solely because she was poor; no sooner did she inherit wealth than all flocked to pay court to her, or rather to it, and I am sure you can but admire the manner in which she met their advances. Few would have had the courage to have acted as she did, for I think hardly any one would have had the wit to have thought of it. She was revenged for years of neglect and scorn without injuring one person; she felt her independence, and acted accordingly, and I can assure you

that there are many families in England living now who would willingly give their testimony to the truth of this tale, and countless numbers who were snatched from sin and wretchedness, and owe both their temporal and spiritual welfare to Miss Thorne's fortunate possession of twelve thousand per annum.

She has herself long since passed away to the inheritance of the saints above, and I can only pray that the riches of Christ, my dear girl, may be your portion. You need no other wealth, for it is a mine which never fails. Remember Agur's prayer:

"Give me neither poverty or riches; feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, 'Who is the Lord?'"

You all know our blessed Saviour became poor, that we might be made rich in Him. Follow, then, his footsteps, and never forget "that Godliness is great riches if a man is content with what he hath; for we brought nothing into this world, neither may we carry anything out."

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

ST. MATT., v. 16.

In these words which form a portion of our divine Saviour's sermon on the Mount, He exhorts His disciples so to act, that they may encourage others to follow their example; for if people hear great professions made, and see none of the effect, they are not likely to admire or follow a religion from which springs no fruit. Our blessed Lord declares, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father." How many bring shame on their religious profession by the way in which they make it a cloak for sin. You read how much this

was condemned by our Saviour in the Pharisees, when he says, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers." This sect were strict observers of the law and all its outward ordinances; they paid tithe, and yet mercy and faith were quite forgotten; they made small matters of importance, and neglected the greater requirements of religion. What does our Saviour say of them? "Ye are like whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness." If you will carefully read the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, you will find how particular these men were to do all required by their traditions, clearing out the cup and platter before meals being one; but you find our Saviour declaring that it was the outside alone, for within they were full of extortion and excess. He also addresses them as "blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," thus signifying their exactness about little matters, while neglecting those of greater moment. The proverb itself originated in the custom of the Pharisees, who attempted with a fine cloth to strain out the small animalcules when they took their wine, lest they should transgress the law which forbade the eating of any creeping thing, for you will find in the forty-first verse of the eleventh chapter of Leviticus that it is thus written: "And every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth shall be an abomination, it shall not be eaten." This all proves that these men's actions were not guided solely by the pure principle of their religion, for they sought the applause of men, who can only judge of the outside actions—the inward principle is only known to God. Now, let us just ask here, what is meant by letting your light shine before men? It is simply this: let all your actions be based on the pure precepts taught by our blessed Saviour, do nothing to dishonor His holy name. Be not afraid to show before men that the religion you profess is the guide of your life, the main spring of all your actions. Be meek, humble, and kindly affectionate one towards another, and when men see this, they will confess that your good works spring from the love of pleasing God, and so thus seeing your light shine, they will also glorify your father which is in heaven.

I have now a short tale to relate which I trust will prove to you, that a man can spend his whole life in the strict observance of the ordinances of religion, that he can give largely of his means for the furtherance of religious objects, leave thousands to charitable institutions, and yet, after all, be found amongst those whom our Saviour declares will be addressed by him in these words, "I never knew you, depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

In England, in one of those lovely places for which that country is remarkable, dwelt a gentleman, who, nursed in the lap of luxury from his earliest infancy, inherited at a very

early age, by the death of his father, the magnificent estate which had descended for generations in his family. You who have never been in England, can form no idea of the supreme beauty of these estates. The beautiful parks with their noble trees, the streams of pure water, the hills and valleys, and rich pastures, form a scene of picturesque beauty of which you can scarcely dream. There is no grandeur in English scenery, but almost every stranger is struck with the air of quiet happiness which seems spread over the whole landscape, giving you an idea of peace and rest which is seen in no other country. The gentleman who owned the estate of which I speak was a tall, fine-looking, handsome man, his manners courteous and gentlemanly; but there was with all this an austerity of self-righteousness about him, which was anything but pleasing to those with whom he came in contact. In a word, he was one of those persons who looked upon every one with the jaundiced eye of suspicion. He had resided abroad for several years, and was the father of two sons, and three daughters, before he finally settled on his own estate. His wife was a very lovely woman, forming a striking contrast to himself, and was regarded by him much in the same light as he looked upon his children, viz: slaves to do his will. Such strict propriety of conduct was insisted upon, that the girls were mere walking automata, hardly speaking above a whisper; as to laughing or playing, it was considered too vulgar and unladylike to be indulged in. The idea of going beyond the prescribed routine of a regular measured walk on the broad gravel paths of their magnificent garden, never for a minute occurred to them; to run under the trees in the park, and seat themselves beneath their grateful shade, whilst they read or worked, was a thing not to be thought of; even to stop on the rustic bridge which spanned the lovely stream, dividing the garden from the park, to feed the pet swans, would have been considered a great dereliction of dignity. Every act was prescribed by rule, and Mr. De Vere flattered himself in his pompous selfishness, that all his belongings were patterns of rigid proprieties.

Mr. De Vere gave liberally to all charities and religious institutions, for it flattered his vanity to see a subscription list headed by his donation of ten, twenty, or fifty pounds, as the case might be, and ascribed to his generous benevolence. His name figured in all lists for missionaries, bible societies, hospital funds, or any other charity in which he saw himself described as the most liberal of patrons; but his ear was deaf to the voice of mercy did it come in the shape of some poor widow, or orphaned child, who asked a small portion of his bounty; no transgression was overlooked, no erring one encouraged "to go and sin no more." Did he not attend church three times every Sabbath, have family prayers, etc.? Could it be expected that he should come in contact with sin and uncleanness, could he touch pitch and not be defiled?

The two young De Veres were at college, the daughters were educated at home, under the strict surveillance of their father, for the meek and loving mother dared not interfere. Her natural kindness would have led her to relax the stern iron rule under which her children were educated. It would have pleased her more to have seen her girls romping amongst the trees and flowers, their cheeks glowing with the tinge of rude health, than to see these pale misses of propriety, with never a smile parting their ruby lips, or hearing the joyous laugh of childhood ringing in her ears. Poor Mrs. De Vere felt how false and hollow was the system of her children's training, but with such a domineering spirit ruling her whole household she felt how powerless were all her efforts to stem the current on which her dear ones were floating. What were they being fitted for? neither for time or eternity! The system under which they lived inculcated no kind feelings of sisterly affection, they never disputed, 'tis true, that would have been too vulgar, they were as studiously polite to each other, as to the most exalted visitors, but to sacrifice their wishes to please another, or show any kindness which had not self for its basis, they took no pleasure in. Nothing was natural, everything they did was mechanical, for they were mere working machines under the stern guidance of their father and governess. A mother's tender love had no place there.

My dear father being Mr. De Vere's legal adviser, we were frequently brought in contact with these young ladies, and I remember one afternoon receiving a very severe lecture from Madame Drucourt their governess, for daring to ask the Misses De Vere to join me and my sisters in a game of hide-and-go-seek. She gazed with great contempt on my not very tidy dress, which having in my play come in contact with the shrubs, had many unsightly rents, very visible, in spite of my efforts to disguise them, and my hair, which hung in long, natural curls, was certainly guiltless of any degree of order; my hat, which in my eager desire to find the object of my search, had fallen off, and now hung down behind, kept in its place solely by the ribbon attached to it. Madame was horrified, and contrasting the young ladies' spotless dresses, and elegant French hats with my appearance, proudly demanded, "How I could presume to suppose that they would be allowed to make such figures of themselves?" The poor girls' pale faces certainly was a sufficient guarantee that a healthy game of romps had never been included in their catalogue of proprieties, and although I was not in the least ashamed of my play, I must own to feeling a little, when the contrast of my appearance was made so palpably visible to mine eyes by Madame Drucourt. Yet in the shame of this I could not help feeling certain, that it would have been long ere our dear mother would have dressed us up like dolls, and sent us to make morning calls with our governess. It was some weeks after this

visit that I met Mr. De Vere coming up the garden with a pale face and bewildered manner, he addressed me with his usual overwhelming politeness by asking if my father was at home? adding, "that he had called at his office but could not see him." I knew my father was just then in the orchard with the gardener, superintending the planting of some trees, and I offered to go and call him, requesting him to walk into my father's study whilst I did so. With all his pompous politeness which he never lost sight of, I could see that something had gone wrong with him, and concluded in my usual hasty manner of deciding, that some of his human machines had most likely got out of order, so he required legal advice. I was only too glad to escape from his stern sense of propriety, which led him to overwhelm even a child with it, and quickly sent my father to his rescue.

What transpired between them I did not hear for some time, but it appeared that his two sons had been leading a very reckless life of extravagance and folly at college, and in consequence, had been both expelled. The disgrace to a man of Mr. De Vere's strict propriety was dreadful, and in his anger he swore, "that he would never receive his sons home again." In vain was he advised, that however culpable their conduct, that that was not the way to reform them, but only likely to drive them to further acts of desperation. It was not the sin in the eyes of God which was the sting to this proud father, but the disgrace in the eyes of men. He who had always been noted for such strict justice, such fair dealing, to have dirty, shabby bills sent him from the Jew money lenders, who, knowing his wealth and pride, gladly lent on such sure security to the reckless youths, who, freed from the severity of their father's eye, only too willingly borrowed and spent in idle and boisterous dissipation large sums of money which they obtained so readily, and it was not till an order expelling them from college, reached them, that they awoke to the fear of their father's just anger.

Nothing could exceed the fearful wrath of Mr. De Vere, as bill after bill was sent, demanding payment. He would listen to no reasoning; could he then have been made to look his own error in the face what amount of suffering might he not have escaped? But no, he had bowed to the world, the opinions of men had always swayed him, he had never sought mercy from God, why then should he show it? His sons had disgraced his name, and involved themselves in debt from which no hand but his could free them. What right had they to ask or expect pardon? What was their bitter penitence to him, could it wipe away the stain on their name? No, they had wilfully brought shame on it, and now they must abide the punishment. In vain did Mrs. De Vere try to persuade him to reverse the dread decree which exiled her sons from home. The fond mother's courage rose as she pleaded for her

boys, for she felt how much of their error was to be attributed to their father's false and hollow system of education, it had not fitted them to be launched into all the gaieties of college life. They had been, 'tis true, liberally provided with pocket money, but it was because it must not be said, that the young De Veres were niggardly supplied; and they were generous on the same principle, and not for the good they might be enabled to do with it. Religion at home had never been presented in its own pure, attractive form, consequently, at school it was neglected just in proportion to the opportunities of eluding the vigilance of the teachers. Is it to be wondered at, that these young men fell into temptation, the real sin of which had never been implanted in their hearts as a path to shun?

Mr. De Vere in the midst of his anger, paid without a single deduction his sons' liabilities, which amounted to three thousand pounds, but he sternly warned the creditors that it would be the last time. Then, with a heart in which pride and anger held undisputed sway, he sat down and wrote his sons' dismissal from his roof, as coolly as if he were asking them to dinner. He named a sum for which they might draw upon him annually, but added, that if it were over drawn at any time, the whole would be discontinued.

Thus, the sons were exiled from their home, and the father was seen as usual in the house of God, the most devout listener there, the most constant and attentive attendant on all its sacred ordinances; but did his conscience never smite him as he prayed "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?"

The young men, on receiving their father's letter, announcing their exile, had written to their mother, saying, "that they intended going to sea and endeavoring to carve out for themselves such a name as might perhaps be the means of obliterating all remembrance of their youthful folly." They had not erred from a real love of sin, but for lack of that inherent principle being ingrafted on their minds, which would have kept them from falling; but this the father could not see, hence his stern, unrelenting denouncing of his sons.

Nothing was heard of these young men for nearly three years, and then news reached the parents that they had both perished by shipwreck. What Mr. De Vere felt he made no sign of; he still continued the same stern administrator of justice, the same liberal subscriber to all religious institutions, the same arrogant stickler for propriety. The heart-broken mother silently and uncomplainingly drooped away, her fond heart had clung through all the disgrace to her erring boys, for is it not a well known fact, that

Years cannot change—nor worthlessness remove—
Nor guilt impair, a mother's holy love;
It twines around the most ungrateful heart,
Tho' thankless all, it will not thence depart.

Mrs. De Vere's silent suffering was painful to witness, there was no sympathy with her grief and all felt that death was a mercy, bringing her the peace she knew not on earth. Few knew till she was laid in her grave her gentle charities, of the kind and loving sympathy which had sought to lead the erring back to the path of virtue; no one feared to go to her, although they shrank terrified from her pompous husband; hers was a religion to be felt, his to be seen; she condemned the sin, he the sinner; she spoke kind and gentle words to the penitent, he crushed them with the weight of his wrath. He stood aloof, for who would dare to accuse him of any wrong? Could he not pray, "Lord I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust adulterers; I fast twice in the week and give tithes of all that I possess?"

But who can tell what feelings wrung his heart with anguish as through the long, dark, wintry nights he wrestled with his great sorrow. His pride was wounded in the most sensible point as he remembered that he had now no son to inherit his beautiful domain. His very name must sink into oblivion, for the eldest son of his sister would inherit what now appeared to him invested with three-fold value, and what was still more repugnant to him, he was the son of a gentleman whom he hated with a bitter hatred, for he was one who had made him feel his superiority. A man of no particular standing in society, with not a tithe of his wealth making him feel that his superior was there, was not to be borne, and now his son was the sole heir to the inheritance of his lost children. He had no power to will it for it was strictly entailed on the male heirs; and he felt all the punishment of his own unrelenting pride and anger. Had he not exiled his sons from home? Had he not coolly consigned them to death? Could anything have power to erase this cruel knowledge? He tried to deaden "the still small voice," but it loudly asserted its power. What were the few thousand pounds spent by his sons, to a man of his wealth? He recollected, when a lad at college, having fallen into a similar error; his dear father not only paid his debts, but had affectionately pointed out his error; no word of harshness in his reproof, and in order to prevent his again falling into temptation, he had generously increased his allowance. Why then had he acted so differently? He punished his sons, not for the actual sin, but merely because his pride was wounded, his strict ideas of propriety outraged; in a word, the world would know that his sons had dared to act as other men's sons, as the common herd. This so hardened his heart that he hushed the soft pleadings of nature, and turned a deaf ear to the gentle voice of the meek and loving mother. But now conscience asserted its power, ruled him with an iron rod, and the strong man was as a willow bending beneath the blast. The satisfaction of seeing his sons carried with all the pomp of pride to the family vault, and their names inscribed on the

storied urn was even denied him, for the wild waves had sung their requiem as they sank to rise no more.

No one could tell the anguish this man endured, he bore it alone; pride raising a barrier between him and the world he worshipped, no one dared to whisper a word of comfort or peace, for they felt that their sympathy would be spurned. He sought a balm for his misery by willing large sums to the different charitable institutions, thus, making as it were terms with the conscience which maddened him. It might gratify him to know that after his death his name would stand forth in these charities as a liberal donor, but would it have power to deaden the gnawing worm of self condemnation, or quench the fire which was consuming him?

"How had his light shone before men?" Had it turned one from the error of his way? Had it soothed the bed of sickness? Had it whispered of mercy to the erring? No, his pompous pride had driven all from him. His anger had crushed the penitent. He had shown mercy to no man, and he had no right to expect that which he had always denied to others. He was indeed reaping fruit of the seed he had sown. The stern, proud man, wrestled long with the mighty power but it did not humble him, and he sunk into his grave without one to mourn his loss, and his beautiful estate passed into the hands of his nephew, who, being brought up by one who feared and honored God, so uses his wealth and power, that in the happiness he diffuses around him, he so lets his light shine before men, that they acknowledge the goodness of God and glorify and praise his holy name.

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—

ST. MATT., v., 7.

These beautiful words form, as you have just been reading, a portion of the sermon preached by our blessed Saviour when he went up with his disciples into a mountain to pray, and is contained in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, the first nine verses of which are called the Beatitudes, a word signifying extreme joy or happiness, consummate bliss, as it conveys a declaration of the blessedness belonging to certain virtues promised by our Saviour. In the verse we are about to consider, we are told "that the merciful are blessed, and

shall obtain mercy." In another portion of Scripture we are exhorted "to be merciful according to our power, for so shall we gather to ourselves a good reward in the day of necessity." Have we any right to expect that mercy from God which we refuse to our fellow-creatures? and yet when we pray it is generally in these words, "God be merciful to me a sinner." We are told "that God's mercy is everlasting; that He is gracious and merciful, long suffering and of great goodness; whosoever putteth his heart in Him, mercy embraceth him on every side;" and again, "His mercy is great toward them that fear Him, for like as a father pitieth his own children, even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear Him." St. Paul tells us "That God is rich in mercy," and exhorts us all to put on bowels of mercy, kindness, meekness, long suffering," etc. St. Peter also speaks of our "lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, which is according to his abundant mercy;" and again, Solomon declares, "that he that despiseth his neighbor sinneth, but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he;" also, "He that honoureth God hath mercy on the poor;" and again, the prophet Micah declares, "That God retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy." David implores God to be merciful unto him, because he felt that He was plenteous in mercy to all that call on Him. Many texts which declare the mercy of God could we find, had we time to consider them, but I think I have given you a sufficient number now to prove this beautiful attribute of our divine Redeemer. I will therefore proceed to illustrate this by a scene in my dear father's life, and may it inspire you all to try to earn the bright reward promised to the merciful, viz: "That they shall obtain mercy."

A great many years have elapsed since these events took place which I am now about to relate, but they are as indelibly impressed upon my mind as though they only happened yesterday.

A widow lady who resided in a most beautiful place about five miles from my father's house, had been left by her husband dependant upon her only son, who was about twenty-two years of age at the time of his father's death. He was travelling on the continent when the news reached him, and he hastened home to take possession of his inheritance. He had been much pampered and indulged by his father, therefore this alone should have been a sufficient reason for Mr. Steward's making a separate provision for him, as his indulgences had fostered the seeds of selfishness, which were not likely to add much to his widowed mother's comfort. My father had been for years the legal adviser of Mr. Steward, but when called upon to make his will steadily refused to be made instrumental to what he always looked upon as a deep wrong. A will of this kind my dear father was never known to make, for he considered it both unjust and cruel. "You never can tell," was

his argument, "how your children are to turn out, and surely the wife who has borne with you the cares and burdens of life, ought not to be left depending on the caprices of her children."

Mr. Steward was very unwilling to call in another lawyer, but as my father resolutely refused to act, he was obliged, and Mrs. Steward and her two daughters were left entirely depending on her son, to whom all was left, with an injunction, certainly, to provide for his mother and sisters. My father thought this a most unjust will, as the idle habits of young Steward, added to his late extravagant style of living on the continent, were not likely to be conducive to the interests of either mother or sisters. He loved them as well as any one so fond of self could love, and in the first burst of grief for his father's death was willing to promise anything. My father, who still continued the legal adviser of the family, earnestly exhorted Mrs. Steward to have some settlement made on which she could depend, now that the feelings of her son were softened by his father's unlooked-for generosity. But unfortunately Mrs. Steward felt afraid that it would look like distrust of her own son, and refused to follow my father's advice, who, knowing young Steward's selfish character, felt sure that she would before long bitterly repent her not having done so. For the next three months young Steward remained at home with his mother, and the sisters continued their studies as usual. But at the end of that time he began to find home and its quiet duties extremely irksome to him. Having been brought up to no profession, time grew weary on his hands, and he once more started for the continent.

We were upon very intimate terms with this family. The Misses Steward would very frequently stay a week with us and we with them. It was not long after Mr. Steward's death before a great change was observable in the house, which had always been kept up in a style amounting to magnificence; and it was justified by the extent of Mr. Steward's income. We often used to hear rumors of the probability of Mrs. Steward being brought to poverty by the extravagance of her son; but we in our luxurious home were too young to realize such an idea as connected with their name.

About eighteen months after Mr. Steward's death, his widow received a letter from a gentleman, informing her that her son had been visiting for some time in his family, and having asked the hand of his eldest daughter in marriage, he requested to hear from her what prospects awaited his child as her son's wife. Mrs. Steward immediately answered by informing him of the terms of her late husband's will. Mr. Spenser very prudently refused his consent to the marriage unless young Steward would make a separate provision for his mother and sisters, so as to leave no chance of interference with his daughter's claims.

Unfortunately the young couple were neither of them in-

clined to listen to such dull reasoning, and very imprudently eloped, and were made man and wife ere Mr. Spenser could come to any settlement with the parties most interested. Mr. Steward brought his bride to the house where his mother and sisters still resided, and a scene of sad regrets and unavailing murmurings was the result. The bride was a very stylish, beautiful girl, but possessing an indomitable spirit of pride and self-will, which had been fostered by luxurious indulgence, and she had no idea of sharing her married home with the mother and sisters of her husband. A separate residence was insisted upon, and poor Mrs. Steward now found out how foolishly she had acted in neglecting the advice of my father, who had so strongly urged her to take advantage of her son's evident desire at his father's death to promote her comfort. He knew young Steward's character to be too selfish and exacting to be bound by a mere promise, and his conduct ever since had proved the justice of his suspicions. Large sums had been spent for which he refused to account, and bills had accumulated with frightful rapidity, for the tradesmen had been only too willing to grant unlimited credit. Claims against the estate had never been pressed, because the property was known to be immense; but now, when disputing was high, people began to urge their claims, which young Steward showed no intimation to settle, and recourse was again had to my father for his advice and assistance.

Now it was that his counsel about the will was fully proved, for it was next to impossible to induce Mr. Steward so to retrench his expenses as to enable him to allow his mother an annual income adequate to her wants. His late means of indulgence had so fostered his natural selfishness, that he began to imagine that he really was not called upon to sacrifice his comforts so as to follow out his father's wishes. At last, with a great deal of difficulty, it was settled that Mrs. Steward and her two daughters should retire into a very pretty house belonging to my father, at a moderate rent, and her son agreed to allow her £300 per annum.

Well do I recollect my dear father's disgust at the mere pitance accorded by the son to the meek and loving mother, whose perfect trust in his honor had led her to act against the advice of her best friend. Time will not permit me to dwell on all the struggles and privations of poor Mrs. Steward; £300 a year to one who once commanded £10,000, was a sad change, and one for which she was neither fitted by nature or educated to cope with. The girls, nursed in the lap of luxury, had no idea of helping themselves, and Laura, the second daughter, a meek-spirited, delicate girl, soon fell into ill health, which terminated her existence before she reached her seventeenth year.

Mr. Steward and his wife had, with their usual disregard to everyone's feelings but their own, gone abroad soon after the

settlement was made, and the beautiful homestead was left in the care of a steward, instead of being, as it ought justly to have been, the shelter of Mrs. Steward's declining years.

It was somewhere about three years after the death of Laura Steward that my father received a letter from Mr. Steward, asking him to effect a mortgage on the homestead, adding that unless he could raise eleven thousand pounds nothing but ruin and disgrace awaited him. He ended his letter by promising that if my father would assist him he would immediately come home and settle quietly down to the task of improving his estate.

In Mr. Steward's promises, you may well believe, my father had no faith, but for reasons which he did not explain, but which were dictated by the kindest of motives, he advanced the money himself, and the beautiful place was once more put into order for the reception of its master and mistress.

Two years of fashionable dissipation showed strong marks on Mr. Steward's handsome personal appearance; his beautiful wife was a mere wreck, and plainly evinced her disgust at what she called her husband's senseless desire of rustication. She had always shown a marked dislike of my father, he being, as she well knew, instrumental in procuring Mrs. Steward's income, and I believe she stopped at nothing which was likely to injure him either in a private or public capacity.

He was always gentlemanly and courteous to her, but she felt something in his manner as a tacit reproach to her heartlessness, when she insisted upon the mother and daughters leaving the luxurious home of their childhood's years. She had, during her residence abroad, become the mother of a boy and girl—sweet, lovely Carlings they were—but she showed no affection for them, and left them entirely to the care of their nurse. She was the most heartless woman I ever met with. I disliked her extremely, because I always felt that she was indirectly the cause of poor Laura's illness and death, she being a special favorite of mine.

The mortgage having relieved Mr. Steward from his most pressing necessities, he soon commenced again to launch out into a style of extravagance altogether inconsistent with the reduced state of their income. The property was still such as would allow them every comfort, but it did not warrant any unnecessary expenditure. Mr. and Mrs. Steward's long residence in Paris had engendered a passion for gambling which no persuasion could convince of its folly, and large sums were nightly squandered by this unprincipled couple. At last everything became involved, debts of honor were loudly and boldly insisted upon, everything that money could be raised upon had disappeared, and now listen to the dread climax. My father was sent for in great haste one morning, and after a protracted absence returned with the awful tidings that young Stewart had put an end to his existence in a moment of frenzy,

occasioned by the overwhelming fact of his complete ruin, and to which he well knew he had himself been the chief abettor.

Now all was wailing, mourning and despair. Oh! how can I describe the scene? The poor mother weeping the untimely fate of her first-born, only son—her idolized child. Her fond heart had clung to him through all the privation and trial wrought for her by his hand. Oh! the depth of the love of a mother's heart! no shame or sin can wash it out; the deeper the sorrow the closer she clings. Oh! you who are blessed with mothers, regard it as one of the sweetest privileges to be allowed to watch over her declining years; beware how you send a pang to her loving tender heart, for as you have learned in that pretty hymn,

God will look with anger in his eyes,
If you should ever dare despise

Your mother.

To paint the despair of the guilty wife, the heartless mother, as she found herself widowed and her babes fatherless, is a task beyond me. I will therefore turn to the kindness of my beloved father, who now generously came forward, and, forgetting all the injuries she had endeavored to work for him, stood between her and ruin. Then it was he showed the inestimable value of a true friend, and restored as far as he was able peace to the broken-hearted. All just claims were settled, and as there was not a shilling left after the debts were paid, the beautiful homestead of course fell into my father's hands, who had already advanced twelve thousand pounds upon it. It was but a very short time after this that the younger Mrs. Steward fell into ill health—dissipation had undermined her constitution, and now remorse was adding its deadly sting. Cancer threatened her life, and how could she expect, in this her hour of deep humiliation, that mercy which she had never shown to others? But the fond mother whom she had so cruelly injured was there; she turned not a deaf ear to the cry of agony, but took her place by the side of the sufferer, and earnestly sought to turn her thoughts to her merciful Saviour.

A bed of anguish is not the place for repentance; the intensity of pain so maddened the mind that it was impossible to bring her to a sense of her own sinful state. She constantly dwelt on the advantages she had cast away, and that her children would now be beggars; their worldly prosperity was all that troubled her. To think of the beautiful home from which she was just passing away, as now in the possession of one she had so hated, was a knowledge which maddened her. She could not but feel that her own folly and bad advice to her husband had been the chief means of disinheriting her own children. Her father had died suddenly soon after her imprudent marriage, before he had time, even had he possessed the inclination of altering his will, which, being made at the time when his mind was irritated against her, had cut her off from

any participation in his property. Poor Mrs. Steward, how tenderly did she watch over her ungrateful daughter-in-law. She and her daughter Emily waited day and night upon her, burying every unkindness and insult in the untimely grave of the unfortunate suicide, showing mercy where they never received it, and feeling that it would not be granted to them even then if it laid in her power to deny it.

I often used to go and sit with Emily Steward, so as to allow Mrs. Steward a few hours' rest, which she was unwilling to grant herself. One morning I accompanied my father, as Mrs. Steward had sent a message requiring his presence, and was told upon my arrival that the scene was fast closing; the agony so long endured had yielded to the power of mortification, and the poor sufferer laid exhausted but free from pain on the bed, which, being shaded by large heavy curtains, I was enabled to hear what passed without being seen. When my father approached the bedside, and took the cold thin hand within his own, she asked him "whether he had come to add his curse to the many which were weighing her down?" Oh! how gently and kindly did he address the dying woman, as he expressed his earnest desire to give her all the comfort in his power to impart. He then sat down, and after explaining as succinctly as possible the state of the property, he told her that it was his intention to hold the homestead in trust for her children; that he never intended making use of his right to it; that it was solely for this purpose he had himself become the mortgagee; that the children should be educated from the rents derived from this portion of her husband's property; that he would see to their welfare, making their grandmother their guardian. All claims against the estate which he himself had settled he destroyed before her eyes, and then, not stopping to hear the thanks which the dying woman tried to utter, he hurried home with joy and gladness in his heart, for he felt that he had been merciful according to his power.

Nobly did my dear father fulfil his promise. Immediately after the death of Mrs. Steward the children were placed with their grandmother and aunt, and the beautiful homestead let for a term of years. When young Steward attained his twenty-first birthday he took possession of the home which had been well nigh lost to him forever, and so well had the estate been managed during his minority, that he was able to secure both his aunt and sister a handsome portion at their marriage. Being a very seriously inclined young man, he entered the ministry. He still resides with his venerable grandmother in the place where his father was born, and when I was in England four years since I listened to many beautiful sermons from his pulpit, one of which was preached from the text upon which this tale is founded.

Since I commenced writing this, my dear father has been called to resign his earthly possessions, for, I trust, those hea-

venly ones which are at God's right hand for evermore. He was, during the long life of seventy-eight years, blest with abundance. Freely did he give of it to the poor and needy. I never knew him to turn a deaf ear to the cry of another; he gave with a liberal hand, and upbraided not; mercy characterized all his charities, and I do not deem it presumptuous to hope that he has obtained the mercy that he never denied to others; that he now enjoys the full completion of God's promise, that "blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy."

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

PROV. OF SOL., xvi., 32.

This verse, my dear girls, is taken from the sixteenth chapter of the Proverbs of Solomon. Perhaps there is no book in the old Testament which contains so many precepts admonishing youth against the exceeding folly of indulging in bad temper. Not only does it make the person who gives way to it unhappy, but it destroys the peace of a whole household. Those who do not naturally possess a good temper, or whose dispositions have not been properly trained at home, will have to endure much misery when they go forth into the world, for they will find a great deal to try them, as all do, whether rich or poor. Besides, bad temper is frequently discomposed by things as well as persons. If any little circumstance happens cross, even when no one is to blame, everyone within reach must suffer for it, as if all things as well as all people, were to be in constant subjection to it. Can anything be so ridiculous as for young people, when they are corrected for any fault, to pout and mutter, an exceedingly disagreeable habit, which many girls make a practice of. If what is said is fit to be heard, it might be spoken aloud; if otherwise, nothing is gained thereby but the gratification of ill humor, and those who indulge such a temper always injure themselves the most by it. I often wonder whether young people imagine themselves to be too wise to be wrong. Anyone would suppose so, to see how impatiently they listen to the reproofs of their teachers. I often feel inclined to ask how they came by their wisdom, or how it comes to pass that they already know all that is to be known. A girl with such an unhappy temper

may, indeed, torment her teacher, and occasion her a great deal of trouble and vexation; but it will produce far worse consequences to herself, by keeping her in ignorance, and causing herself to be universally shunned. Solomon also declares, "Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope for a fool than him." On the other hand, good temper is its own reward, and those who are disposed to conquer an evil one may be encouraged by the verse which we have chosen for our consideration this afternoon. But as I know you will feel more interested in my admonitions if made interesting to you by illustration, I will proceed to show you how much misery and unhappiness was caused in a family by one of the members, who was constantly giving way to temper on the most trivial occasions.

After recovering from a severe attack of fever, being in very delicate health, I was sent away from home on a visit to a distant relative of my mother's; this place being selected on account of its proximity to the sea. Mrs. Fairfax had often visited my dear mother, to whom she was fondly attached, and it was during one of her visits that she offered to take me home, instead of my being sent to some other place which was first proposed. I was delighted at the prospect of enjoying a few months of the beautiful sea breezes, and the freedom from my scholastic duties, for the doctor had insisted on all cessation from study. The close confinement to the school room had impaired my health unusually that summer, till I at last was quite prostrated by a low nervous fever; but I forgot ill-health and every discomfort when I stepped into the carriage which was to tear me away from my hated studies.

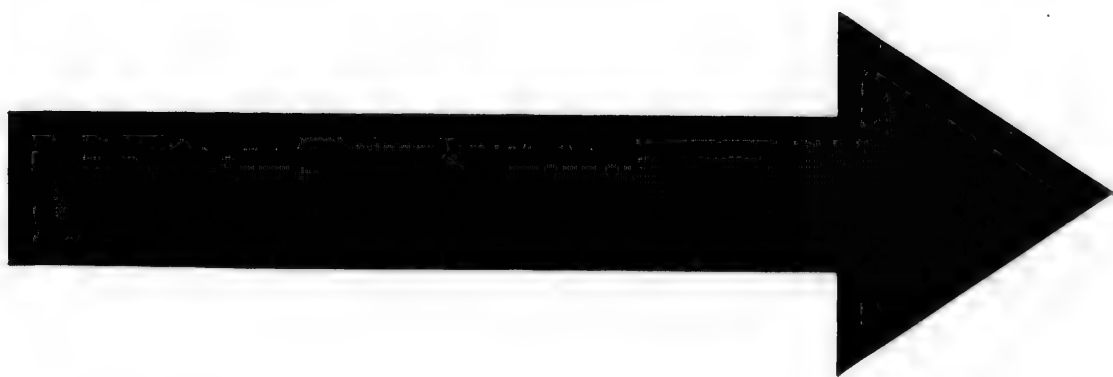
Mrs. Fairfax must have thought she was taking some wild girl away, but she was so gentle, and kindly allowed me to enjoy the full bent of my exuberant spirits, till they were checked by utter exhaustion. It was quite late at night when we arrived at Mrs. Fairfax's dwelling, and as all the young people had long retired to rest, I was only too glad to follow their example, although the sound of the waves dashing up by the cliffs kept me from sleeping, so anxious was I to witness their wild beauty. When I rose the next morning a beautiful sight met my eyes. Mrs. Fairfax's dwelling was situated on the summit of a tall cliff; a garden, bright with innumerable shrubs and flowers, laid just under the window, whilst the magnificent ocean rolled beyond in all its wild splendor, and washed with its foaming billows the base of the cliff. The merry voice of the fishermen, as they were preparing to launch their boats, mingling with the noise of the waves as they dashed on the shore, was music to my ears, and I could scarcely tear myself away from watching the beautiful ships whose white sails were glittering in the sunshine, to attend the summons to breakfast.

Mrs. Fairfax was seated at the table pouring out the tea.

and kindly made room for me next to her, while she introduced me to her three daughters, Alice, Katy and Ellen; the two elder were twins, about fifteen years of age, while Ellen was a year younger than myself. They were all pretty-looking girls, and received me very kindly. As this was their holiday time, it did not take very long for us to get acquainted with each other, and immediately after breakfast we were sent to amuse ourselves on the beach, accompanied by an elderly servant who always waited on these young ladies.

We spent our time very pleasantly, picking shells, jet, amber, and the different sea weeds with which the beach was strewed, until it was time to return to dinner. At which meal Mrs. Fairfax proposed that we should amuse ourselves in the garden and plantations till tea time. But all our enjoyment was marred by Alice's temper, which she showed me for the first time; and I now found to my dismay that she was peevish, discontented, selfish and exacting to a degree, and beyond all this she was so sulky that she would not speak. This afternoon something was proposed that she did not like, therefore she would not play, or walk, or sit down on the beautiful grassy knolls, or in fact do anything we wished to do. Her sisters, used to her temper, paid no regard to her, but proceeded to their own amusements; but I had been so unaccustomed to such displays that it spoilt all my pleasure, and these freaks of temper were so often indulged in by Alice, that I was always glad when they confined her to the house. She could be the most agreeable girl when she was pleased, but that was so seldom that all our pleasure was marred by her selfishness and sulky fits.

It was about a month after my arrival that the twins attained their fifteenth year. Mrs. Fairfax always made these anniversaries gala days to them, by inviting all the young people of the neighborhood, and giving them a picnic in the beautiful grounds. It was the seventh of August, and a glorious day. I had been so happy all the morning assisting in conveying fruit, flowers and all kinds of confectionery to the place appointed for our meeting, and arranging them on the rustic tables put up for the occasion. Alice had been detained in the house assisting her mother, and I was just finishing the wreaths intended to be worn by the twins, when Alice in a passion of tears entered the arbour where I was working, and throwing herself down on the grass, declared that she was the most ill-used girl in the world. When I could prevail on her to speak, what was my surprise to hear that all this trouble was occasioned by the dress-maker, who, having received a sudden demand for mourning, had been unable to finish the dress which Alice had intended to wear that afternoon. I was so thunderstruck at the idea of a girl giving way to such a burst of passion about a dress, that I could not answer her, and all my beautiful flowers fell to the ground as I attempted



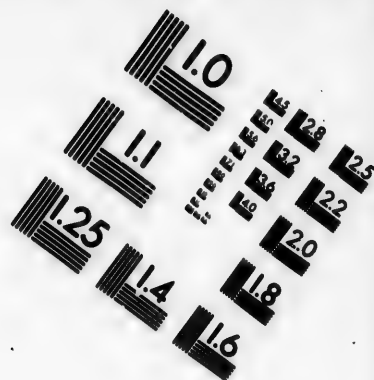
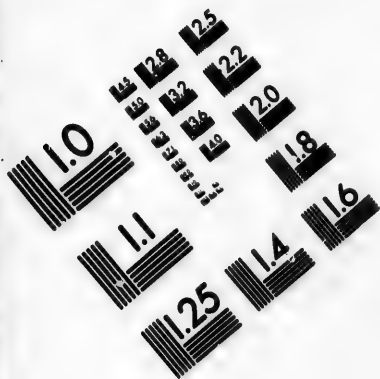
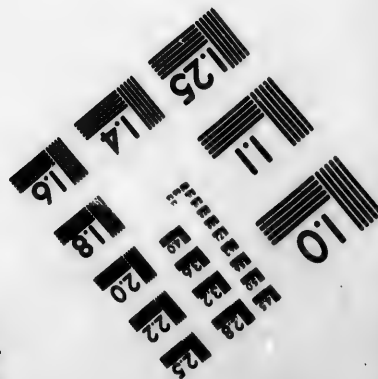
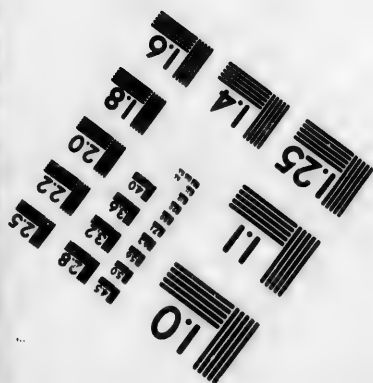
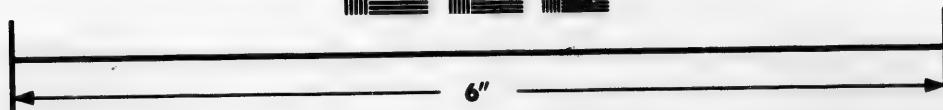
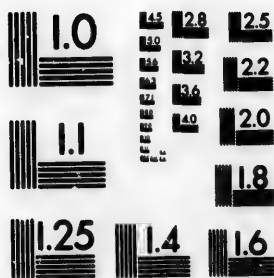


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to raise her up from the place she had thrown herself. All my anticipated pleasure in the amusements of the afternoon vanished as I gazed on Alice, her face inflamed by passion, and her whole frame shaking with agitation.

I tried to persuade her that no dress would be so pretty as her white one, but her anger knew no bounds, as she stamped her feet, and accused me of being jealous, lest, as she said, "she should look better than myself." Now I had never been brought up to think much about dress; our dear mother used to keep us all neat, but very simply clad, and we never dreamed of disputing her will, thinking that she must know best. Besides, girls in those days thought a great deal more of an afternoon's freedom from study than they did of their personal appearance, and I never recollect the time when it caused me the slightest anxiety. That afternoon I had never even asked Mrs. Fairfax what dress I should wear. I was too much interested in the making up of the bouquets, for which I always possessed a passion, and twining the wreaths to decorate the table. I therefore was quite unprepared to hear myself accused of harboring a feeling I scarcely knew the meaning of. Katie and Ellen, who soon joined to assist in clearing away the litter, added their entreaties to mine that Alice would not spoil our afternoon's pleasure by giving way to such ill temper, and tried to persuade her how much freer she would feel to enjoy her play if she was not afraid of spoiling her dress, and Katie declared "she was quite glad of the chance which prevented her wearing hers." But it was useless to talk, so we left her to the enjoyment of her evil disposition, and proceeded to the house to dress ourselves. About two o'clock the young people arrived, and Mrs. Fairfax left us to the unrestrained enjoyment of all the various amusements her kindness had prepared for us; and happily, indeed, would our day have passed had it not been for Alice, who would not join in one game which was not proposed by herself. Some were for giving way to her, but others thought that it was unfair and unjust that Alice should rule everything. She would not be crowned, because she said "I had purposely woven the best roses in Katie's wreath." I thought I had made them exactly alike, till the difference was pointed out to me; one or two of the roses were larger, that was all. I then proposed that Alice should take the one she thought was the best, Katie giving up hers most cheerfully. Alice immediately snatched it out of her hand, and trampling it under her feet, declared "that neither of them should be worn." Katie submitted, as she usually did, but the peace of the day was broken; a cloud had crossed our path, and nothing could restore the bright anticipations of the morning. And now what was the cause of this? It is well worthy of your attention, and I do beg of you not to pass it lightly over as a thing of no moment.

The day was beautiful. Wealth contributed its means to

our full enjoyment; every luxury was at our disposal; gay, happy, joyous spirits were there, revelling in their freedom from scholastic duties, which had so long and would so soon again bind them to the stern realities of life. Nature in all her magnificent grandeur decorated the scene, and yet one ill spirit was the cause of all the evil there; bright smiles were exchanged for discontented peevishness; light hearts grew heavy under their burden; joyous spirits flagged, and turbulent passions and vain reproaches destroyed all the peace of the day. All this was the work of one bad temper; Alice had by selfishness and wilful discontent made us all so unhappy, that we were glad when the shades of evening called us to disperse. Many such scenes did I witness during my stay at Mrs. Fairfax's, and I was really glad to return home, for there the voice of discord was never heard; to love one another, to be kind and obliging to every one, to give up our most cherished wishes if it would benefit another, were the precepts taught us by our dear mother, every tendency to selfishness was checked in the bud by her bright example, for she was the most unselfish of human beings.

I returned home the latter end of October, much benefitted in health by sea bathing and breezes, and I trust also warned by the example of Alice, to shun all occasion of grievous words, which we are told "stir up anger; for better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

I have one more scene in Alice's life to relate. Although I was not eye witness to it. I can assure you of its truth, and you will see how bitterly she was punished, how just the retribution her evil temper brought on herself. When she had attained her nineteenth year her hand was sought in marriage by a very wealthy gentleman who, having lately purchased property in the neighborhood, was much struck with Alice's beauty. Sir Charles Mauleverer's hand was much sought after, and Alice's triumph was complete, when she received an offer of his hand. Sir Charles was a retiring man, and of a very serious turn; he had therefore little chance of hearing of Alice's temper, as he was by no means a person anyone would have dared to approach with a tale of gossip; and as Alice always appeared to the best advantage before him, he doubtless took it for granted she was amiable as she appeared; but he was suddenly woken from his dream of security by a scene to which I now call your attention.

The wedding had been fixed to take place early in the spring, and Sir Charles had occasion to go to London to make some final preparations for this event, and had taken a tender leave of Alice the night previous to his departure. But something or other delayed his journey for a day, and he thought he might as well go over in the morning and spend a few more hours with Alice. As he was frequently in the habit of en-

tering the drawing-room by the window which opened on to the lawn, he did so now. As he approached he was struck by hearing the voice of Alice, not in the soft tones he loved so well, but raised to the highest pitch of anger. So intent was she on the subject which had excited her stormy passions, that she never saw him, as he stood a spell-bound witness of the disgraceful scene. It happened that her lady's maid had been summoned to her presence about some trifling mistake in her dress, and Alice was giving full vent to her anger in words very unbecoming a lady, when she suddenly turned round and met the startled glance of Sir Charles, whom she thought that instant was an hundred miles away.

A look in which mingled sorrow and scorn were strongly blended met her astonished gaze, but without one word of explanation he quickly vanished from the spot, leaving Alice with the comfortable assurance that he had heard every word of her unchristian-like altercation. She sank down on the sofa, overwhelmed with shame, for she felt that her fate was sealed, and she possessed now not a hope of Sir Charles ever making her his wife. And she was right. A letter was given her the next morning, in which he released her from her engagement, telling her that he dare not link his fate with one who could so far forget herself, adding that he felt God could never bless his union with her.

Thus you see how the long indulgence of evil temper ruined all Alice's fair prospects; overwhelmed with shame and confusion, she could offer no excuse. She tried to bring pride to her aid, but as she really was attached to Sir Charles, it did nothing towards alleviating her misery, and as she grew older she became the prey of her own evil disposition. I never saw any of the family again, as upon the marriage of the two daughters and death of Mrs. Fairfax, no communication was kept up with Alice. I can now in conclusion only call upon you to ponder over the moral contained in this tale, and if any of you have hitherto indulged in evil temper, let me beseech of you to be warned of the consequences ere it is too late. Go and learn of the meek and gentle Jesus, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, in whose own beautiful words declare
and "that blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

SCRIPTURAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings in when I come."—1st Cor. xvi. 2.

In this chapter St. Paul exhorts the Corinthians to relieve

the wants of the brethren, he evidently means by the word, saints those who gave themselves up to the ministry of Christ. It therefore behooves us to try to do all we can towards the support of those who labour in Christ's vineyard. Now this verse, chosen for our present consideration will perhaps be the most difficult one I have had given me to illustrate, but, still, I think I can remember a few events which will bear sufficiently on the meaning of this text to render it interesting to you, and I trust you will give it the same attention you have done the verses which preceded it. A gentleman who was minister in a small village in the North of England, and whose salary was a mere pittance, had amongst his flock a poor widow, in whose welfare he was extremely interested. Her gentle manners were a proof that she had seen better days, although she was very reserved on the subject, and was now living in a very poor cottage meanly furnished, and supporting herself and only son with the labor of her hands. She was too poor even to send this child to the village school, and had educated him herself during any spare time, and was morbidly careful to guard him from mixing with the rude village boys as his companions. Fredricke Emsly was a very talented boy, and soon began to sigh for more knowledge than his mother was able to impart. He early showed a great desire to enter the ministry, but what chance had a poor widow's son to attain the education which was to fit him for a station so exalted above the one he held? He evidently shrank from a life of manual labor, which was his only prospect, although he most willingly and cheerfully aided his mother in all her difficulties. The Rev. Augustus Sidney watched this youth with great interest, and sadly felt his inability to assist this young aspirant for clerical honors. His own time was so fully employed visiting in his scattered district that he felt the impossibility of even teaching him, as it would require more mental energy than his bodily strength would admit of. His church barely paid him enough to live by, and it seemed impossible for him to lay by any of his store for the accomplishment of this desired work. His parishoners were composed of the poorer classes, more or less ignorant, and looked with a degree of jealousy on one who aspired to be better than his neighbors. Many were the anxious and sleepless nights spent by this good man in devising means to help this poor widow's son in his chosen path. He felt God had been very good to him, and he desired to show his gratitude by laying by a small part of his small store for the purpose of assisting this young man. But the difficulty was to find out from whence this supply was to come; he lived more frugally than was quite consistent with the preservation of his health, for the labors of many of those noble men who devote their lives to God's service, were, at the time of which I write, very badly remunerated. The Rev. Augustus Sidney, however, determined to do something that would benefit his

young favorite, so he offered to prepare him for college, hoping by that time to have laid by something from his small stipend, and fervently trusting to God for the rest. Young Emsley immediately commenced his studies, his kind tutor never flagging in his self-imposed task, and for four years steadily persevered in the duties required.

About two miles from the small parsonage was situated the beautiful manor of Sir Stanley Irvin, but he had been abroad for years, and the house left in charge of his steward. Now this man had received orders from Sir Stanley, to do all the good among his tenantry which would have been done by himself had he resided amongst them. But this man was by nature morose and hard hearted, with an eye solely for his own aggrandizement; he was both feared and hated by the villagers, for he punished with unsparing hand any trespass on the game rights of the manor.

One morning he received a letter from Sir Stanley, desiring him to have everything put in order at the manor house for the reception of himself, his widowed daughter and her children; and expressed a hope that he should find all his tenantry in a flourishing condition. That Sir Stanley should come to reside at the manor house after years spent in foreign lands was an event which the steward never calculated on. For after the death of Lady Irvin, Sir Stanley expressed great reluctance to stay in a place which could not fail to remind him of his irreparable loss, and had gone abroad immediately after her funeral.

And now, thus suddenly to be called upon to give an account of his stewardship, how could he answer for the possession of flocks and herds, lands, etc., without confessing that they had been purchased from the store laid by by his master, for the relief of all the needy in his parish. His salary, although very handsome, could not by any possibility have been so eked out as to justify him in the possession of so much wealth.

And again, where was the good done among the tenants to be found? Not in the repaired cottages, for which they were frequently distrained for rent; for leaking roofs and unplastered walls, told how little attention had been paid to Sir Stanley's wishes. He had been living in affluence for years, but what had he laid by in store of all God had given him? Nothing! he sought nothing but his own advancement, and now the day of reckoning was upon him. What was his prospect, the loss of his situation and a blasted character. He could not even do as we read that the unjust steward did in our Saviour's parable, make friends among those he had oppressed, for his unpopularity he could plainly read in the averted eye and half muttered imprecation whenever he came nigh. He had not one friend, for all had been equally oppressed. He thought how often Mr. Sidney had earnestly requested him to write to Sir Stanley about ameliorating the

condition of his tenantry, whom he had always held up to him as as hard a task master as Pharaoh among the Israelites, consequently discontent and ill-will had been sown amongst them, and the once peaceful, simple tenantry, had become a set of outlaws, bidding defiance to both law and justice.

How was the noble, kind-hearted baronet to be met? He would come, expecting to find a flourishing village and happy tenantry rejoicing in the plenty derived from his generous kindness. A month—one little month—was all that was given him to prepare in, for how could Sir Stanley dream of all the wheels to be set in motion? The steward was in despair, to write was of no use, for he did not know where to direct. No, he must be met face to face, but how to meet him? This was the dread question. Had he not by usury and unjust gain increased his substance? Turned a deaf ear to the cry of the poor and needy, and now he saw everything slipping from under him, for he felt that the day of retribution was at hand.

Time, however, travels swiftly, whether it brings happiness or misery, and Sir Stanley Irwin once more stood in the home of his forefathers, accompanied by his widowed daughter and her two little children.

Sir Stanley and his daughter made their appearance in the family pew in the village church on the following Sunday, and listened with great interest to a beautiful sermon by Mr. Sidney, from that text: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; therefore, withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it."

Mr. Sidney was accosted by the baronet immediately after service and most cordially pressed to return with them to the manor house. The invitation was so courteously responded to by Lady Somerset, that he felt it would be only false delicacy to refuse. A most delightful evening was spent by Mr. Sidney, for he was a man of great refinement, possessing splendid talents and a fertile imagination, which had only slumbered under the fetters of poverty.

Sir Stanley spoke long and eagerly to him about the miserable appearance of his tenantry, and to his surprise and indignation he learned that his steward had refused all aid, and by constantly distraining for rent, etc., had sunk them to what they had now become, a rebellious and lawless set. ~~A short~~ investigation was made by Mr. Stanley, and a short time convinced him of the steward's guilt, whom, after being made to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth, was dismissed with the ignominy he so well merited.

The baronet took great delight in the society of Mr. Sidney, whose noble acts of self-denial he could so well admire and appreciate. Every thing that Mr. Sidney pointed out as likely to benefit his flock, was most generously responded to by the baronet nor was he himself forgotten, and a salary adequate to his wants as one of God's ambassadors was immediately set-

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tled on him by Sir Stanley, thus enabling him to carry out all his views for young Emsley's benefit, who was now so far advanced in his studies, as to be considered fit to enter college.

In a few months after the arrival of Sir Stanley Irvin, any one would have been struck with astonishment at the changed appearance of the village. Smiling plenty was diffused every where, industry and contentment walked hand in hand. Schools were built and superintended by Lady Somerset, who was constantly visiting among the poor, and seconding all Mr. Sidney's efforts to raise their moral and social condition.

It would be impossible for two such persons as Lady Somerset and Mr. Sidney to meet so constantly without appreciating each others character, and the baronet watched with delight the evident affection springing up between them. The infirmities of age were gradually undermining his constitution, and he felt that with such a noble protector for his daughter he need have no fear for his future, and when Mr. Sidney timidly requested the great boon of her hand, he gladly gave his sanction and blessing.

A merry, happy day was that to the village when Lady Somerset became Sidney's wife and as year succeeded year it only brought an increase of happiness, for they walked in God's ways. The temporal wants of their flock were well provided for, but they sought earnestly and diligently to lay the foundation of that hope, the fruit of which is life everlasting.

Mrs. Emsley, who had long been housekeeper at the manor, lived to see her most sanguine hopes fulfilled, when her beloved son took his place as curate to his kind and generous tutor. As years rolled on a better class of people grew up under the teaching of Mr. Sidney and his wife. At the death of Sir Stanley Irvin, he had earnestly requested Mr. Sidney to continue at the manor house, it seemed to him the best reparation he could make to his tenantry for the years of poverty and suffering they had endured through the villainy of the unjust steward.

Mr The character of Sir Sidney was well calculated to suppress crime and immorality, and the good old baronet, although conscious that his talents were deserving a more extended sphere, yet felt that in no place could he be more useful. A new generation had to be trained, and Sidney was so beloved by the youthful members of his flock that his influence could not fail of working for him a great reward in the prosperity and morality of his beloved parishioners. The children were early trained to lay by a store for the good of others, encouraged to visit, and with their own hands administer to the wants of the poor. Thus employed, the years passed away, and as each daughter married, she carried the fruit of her useful training to gladden other homes.

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talents, a fund was laid by expressly to meet the wants of those who desired to walk in a higher path of life; and many clergymen in England, who are justly and deservedly beloved, owe their means of education and present station to Mr. Sidney's faithful discharge of the trust reposed in him by Sir Stanley.

Mr. Sidney is still living; the evening of his days are calm and serene; everything around him speaks of smiling plenty, for God has prospered his store. The old manor house still echoes with the glad voice of children, for grandpa delights in the innocent mirth of his children's children. Peace dwells among them, and Mr. Sidney awaits calmly the hour when he will be called upon to resign his earthly inheritance for that heavenly one which is promised to all who, by patient endurance, strive to attain unto it.

You have now, my dear girls, seen how, in poverty, Mr. Sidney endeavored to lay by, of his small store, to assist one more needy than himself in his aspirations to fill the sacred office of God's minister; and you see how, in his great and full prosperity, he forgot not the author of all good things. Will you not let his example prove instructive to you all by endeavoring to follow it as far as you are able?

Let me then affectionately urge on you all the duty of giving a small portion of what God has bestowed upon you, to administer to the wants of others. Do not say, "I have so little it is not worth giving;" remember—

"It is little drops of water, and little grains of sand,
That makes the mighty ocean, and the beauteous land."

But what better incentive have you than the poor widow casting her mite into the treasury, of whom our blessed Saviour declared "That she had cast in more than they all; for all these, of their abundance, cast in unto the offerings of God; but she, of her penury, hath cast in all the living she had." God does not regard the sum laid by out of your store, but the spirit which prompts the action; "give according as you are disposed in heart, not grudgingly or of necessity—for God loveth a cheerful giver." It is in the power of everyone to do some kindly thing or other by which they can administer to the comfort of another, and oh! believe me, my dear girls, there is nothing so capable of rendering your waking hours happy, your sleeping ones calm and peaceful, as the blest recollection of having been made the instrument, in God's hands, of ministering to the necessity of another. I can only, in conclusion, beg of you to ponder over this exhortation of St. Paul's, to lay by of your abundance, or of your pittance, or of anything whereby God hath prospered you, that you may be amongst those, at the last day, whom our Saviour will address as those blessed of His Father, saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have

done it unto me; come and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

We have now come to the conclusion of the verses chosen for our consideration, and earnestly do I trust, my dear girls, that they have not been read without in some degree answering the sole end for which they were written.

May God bless them to you all, is the heartfelt prayer of your affectionate teacher.

F. C. T.

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